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The BYSTANDER.

Art, Literature & the Drama.

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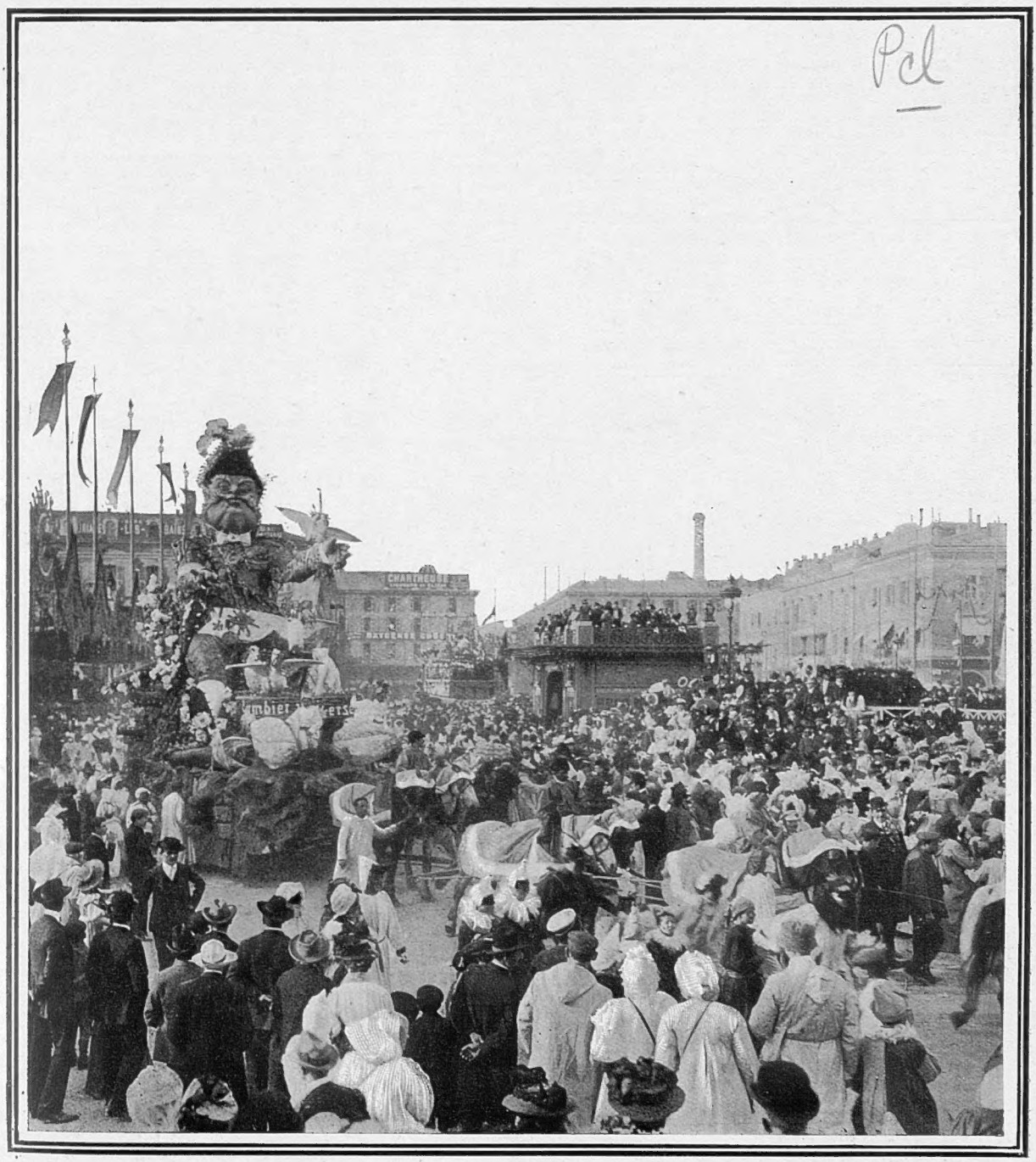

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

KING CARNIVAL'S PROCESSION THROUGH NICE

The Carnival Car "Penetration Pacifique, 1908,"—a satire on the French Policy in Morocco. This year's entry was one of the most imposing ever seen, and thousands witnessed it

No. 222.—Vol. XVII.

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RACING NOTIONS. By CARBINE. GAMES AND PASTIMES

The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short satirical and witty sketches, not exceeding 1,000 words, will be considered, but no fiction unless it can be included in our "Worldly" Series, and readers are, therefore, begged to study these stories before submitting MSS. Articles (with photographs) of events on the Continent and in the Colonies are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

Amusements

EMPIRE. MISS CONSTANCE COLLIER.
THE BELLE OF THE BALL.
TOPSY SINDEN, FRED FARREN, etc.
EVERY EVENING, at 8.0. Manager, Mr. H. J. HITCHINS.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED

"By Right of Purchase." By Harold Bindloss. (John Long: 6*s.*)
"John Montcalm." By Morice Gerard. (John Long: 6*s.*)
"The Ancient Law." By Ellen Glasgow. (Constable: 6*s.*)
"King of the Barons." By J. F. Waight. (Sisley: 6*s.*)
"The Castaway." By Hallie E. Rives. (Collier: 6*s.*)
"An Old Man's Darling." By Lucas Cleeve. (Fisher Unwin: 6*s.*)
"Railway Handbook, 1908." (London and Paris Exchange, Ltd.: 1*s.*)
"Fifty Years of Modern Painting." By J. E. Phythian. (Grant Richards: 10*s.* 6*d.*)
"Home Life of Poe." By Susan Archer Weiss. Broadway Publishing Co.: 1*$* 50*c.*)
"When Kings go forth to Battle." By William Wallace Whiteloch. (Grant Richards: 6*s.*)
"Fishes I have known." By Arthur H. Beaven. (Fisher Unwin: 2*s.* 6*d.*)
"The Cliff End." By E. C. Booth. (Grant Richards: 6*s.*)
"Principles of Western Civilisation." By Benjamin Kidd. (Macmillan: 5*s.* net)
"The Finances of Sir John Kynnersley." By A. C. Fox Davies. (Lane: 6*s.*)
"The Sealed Message." By Fergus Hume. (Digby, Long: 6*s.*)
"The Half Smart Set." By Florence Warden. (Milne: 6*s.*)
"The Luck of the Czar." By Edgar Swan. (Digby, Long: 6*s.*)
"A Gilded Serpent." By Dick Donovan. (Ward, Lock: 6*s.*)
Fabian Socialist Series: (1) "Basis and Policy of Socialism"; (2) "Socialism and Individualism"; (3) "Socialism and Religion"; (4) "Socialism and Agriculture." By many authors. (6*d.* each net)
"The Emigration Snare." By Miles Birkett. (Ouseley, 6*d.*)

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom, ½d. per copy, irrespective of weight. Canada 1*d.* (under 1 lb.). To any other part of the world the rate would be ½*d.* FOR EVERY TWO OUNCE. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all copies so forwarded.

"The Truth About the Navy"

Owing to the great number of requests we have received from our readers for copies of the caricatures on naval life by E. G. O. Beuttler, called "The Truth About the Navy," we have decided to issue one hundred special sets of the 9 drawings.

The drawings will be published at the size of 9in. by 6in.

More than Double the Size at which they Appeared in "The Bystander,"

and the proofs will be hand-pulled on the best paper in sepia double-toned ink, with stiff card mounts. These sets will be sold at the price of 12s. 6d. per set, postage paid. We shall be pleased to supply sets in oak frames at the price of 25s. the set, carriage paid to any part. As the number of sets is strictly limited to one hundred, and the moiety have already been applied for, intending purchasers should write at once, enclosing cheque or postal order to

THE MANAGER,
FINE ART DEPARTMENT,
"THE GRAPHIC,"
190, STRAND, W.C.,

marking "Navy Set" in left-hand corner of envelope.

Bystander Comments

London: Wednesday March 4, 1908

Mr. Churchill is getting into hot water in the House for having written up, for the *Strand Magazine*, experiences of Africa which he gained as a member of the Government, at the public expense. M.P.'s think it a bad precedent.

* * *

Certainly, it is novel. Mr. Chamberlain, for instance, on his return from the "Illimitable Veldt," did not expound his new Fiscal Policy in *Tit Bits*, nor did Lord Curzon, on his return from India, offer his opinions on Lord Kitchener to the *Sporting Times*. Why, then, has Winston given *his* experiences to the nation through the *Strand Magazine?* Perhaps just because he is Winston.

* * *

As a paper ourselves, of course, we do not complain. On the contrary, if Ministers want to make a little extra out of their official experiences, let them all come—to THE BYSTANDER. We would not even refuse a series called "My Doings in Dublin," if Mr. Birrell has one to offer, and is round this way.

* * *

Next to Mr. Asquith, the man of last week was Mr. McKenna. The two things to be remembered about Mr. McKenna by those who wish to be considered educational experts are (1) that he rowed in a Cambridge Eight, (2) that he has brought a sword. Whether that sword is as sharp as he fancies it, or as Mr. Balfour fancies it, or as Dr. Clifford fancies it, or as the Archbishop of Canterbury fancies it, remains to be seen. But he rowed in the Cambridge Eight anyhow. Against Oxford College—if you want to be particular.

* * *

A new Education Bill reminds one of nothing so much as the revival of an aged play. It ought to be announced similarly:

The part of the youthful hero is now played by Mr. McKenna, who gives us a somewhat different reading from that of Mr. Birrell. The suppleness and geniality of that popular artiste is replaced by directness and strenuousness. Mr. Balfour in the part of the angry uncle (which he originated) repeats himself to perfection. Mr. Asquith is good as the man of the world trying to pose as a Nonconformist, and Dr. Clifford's rôle—that of the old gentleman who actively insists that everyone shall become a Passive Resister—is a comic masterpiece. The plaintive cry of the angry parents, "What are you doing with our che-hild?" is, as heretofore, declaimed in unison by the Brothers Cecil, to slow music, and never fails to draw tears from a section of the house.

* * *

The first meeting of the Royal Commission on Whisky and other Potable Spirits which took place last week seems to have been most friendly. For once, there have been no rumours of splits.

* * *

A Limerick to Leopold

There still is a King of the Congo
Who at ruling has had quite a long go;
By the slaves and the slain
You may reckon his reign—
Let him take his *Congé* from the Congo.

* * *

Two examples of the Punctated Agouti—creatures which sleep by day and frisk by night—have been added to the Zoo. Why Agouti are Punctated we do not know, though it is true they are only to be seen between inverted comas.

* * *

The success of the Zakka Khel expedition should have a good effect on the nations of Northern India. Many of these are so superstitious as to doubt the success of a war declared on Afridi.

BRINGING HIM HOME

"The German Admiralty has requested three engineers of Muelheim to give a demonstration before the naval authorities at Kiel, of a boat invented by them, which it is claimed is dirigible by electricity from a distance."—Daily Mail, Feb. 15, 1908

Dear Sir,—Are we coming to this? Horrible thought!—Yours anxiously,
Benedict Brown

(BY G. E. STUDY)

RACING NOTIONS

THE GRAND MILITARY MEETING. BY CARBINE

Soldiers at Sandown

In the world of sport the Grand Military Meeting at Sandown Park claims chief attention this week, and it is to be hoped that all the gales and snowstorms which accompanied the end of February will have disappeared. As a social event the Soldiers' Meeting depends largely upon the weather for its success. As a sporting gathering it wants for nothing. All the competitors are the keenest of the keen, and there is tremendous rivalry between the officers, many of whom only put on a silk jacket for this one meeting. The Gold Cup is contested with much zest, as though it were the Grand National itself, and we have recently seen how desperately keen our sporting soldiers are to win it by the big price paid for Mount Prospect's Fortune by Captain Paynter. At one time it looked as though this horse would certainly win the trophy, but his last two performances have rather altered our ideas. Still, we know that he is a "good 'un" when at his best, and we are prepared for anything in steeplechasing.

What Will Win the Gold Cup?

Of course, the most interesting of the probable starters is Leinster, a wonderful jumper when at his best. He will certainly win if in his old form, but has been such a long time suffering from a "leg" that only Sir Charles Nugent, his trainer, can know whether he is in a condition to do justice to himself at present. In fact, there is such a big "if" about Leinster that I should advise his supporters (naturally he will be at a short price if he starts) to back something else as well. With all my respect for Mount Prospect's Fortune, I cannot bring myself to recommend him after his recent failures. Mr. R. C. de Crespigny—when there is jumping at Sandown you always find a de Crespigny on the scene!—has a double chance with Pat Cullinan and Warner. He will, I take it, ride the first-named himself, as there seems to be no question that "Pat" is the better of the pair, and he is genuinely fancied by many followers of 'chasing. There is one horse I have had in my eye for this race for some time past—Mr. Ross McGillycuddy's Irish Wisdom. He will probably be at a decent price, and he and Leinster might be backed at a profit. With amateurs in the saddle, a great deal depends upon the riding in the Gold Cup, but there is no really military jockey who stands out by himself just now, and I think we shall be safe in going for **Leinster,** taking as a good second string IRISH WISDOM. The latter is to be noted for the Grand Military Steeplechase on the following day.

A Big Hurdle Race

On the second day of the military meeting, the Imperial Cup, a hurdle race of £1,000, is the premier event. Lord Carnarvon's Carnegie is such a grand performer over hurdles that I quite expect him to prove equal to carrying his top weight successfully. He has to give 10lb. to a fine jumper like Prince Robert, and 22lb. to Sandboy, who was very unlucky not to win the Spring Hurdle Race at Newbury on Thursday. On the strength of his prominent running then, many people will doubtless go for Sandboy, who has been sold to Mr. Bendon, but it is as well to remember that he will be meeting a superior class of horses this week. In addition to Carnegie and Prince Robert, there are such good "hurdlers" as Amersham, Simonson, and Mount Prospect II. in the race, which promises to be one of the most interesting of the meeting. My selection is **Carnegie,** and of the others I think Hartigan's chosen candidate will do best.

Incidents at Newbury

Hartigan's stable is rather out of luck just now. At least, the brothers are not carrying everything before them as they did during the first two months of the winter season. Illustrating their unlucky streak was the failure of Springmount at Newbury on Saturday. There were only three starters for the biggest steeplechase of the meeting, and odds of 2 to 1 were laid on Mr. Hartigan's horse, Ballyhackle being reckoned the only danger. Springmount fell at the water, and Mystical, whom nobody had seriously thought would beat the others, rolled home at 10 to 1. On the same afternoon several Grand National horses were seen in the Andover Steeplechase, and Johnstown Lad, who is in the Liverpool race with a small weight, led all the way, and won easily from The Lawyer III. and Mattie Macgregor, whom he will probably meet again on March 27. Mr. Gaskell won the Hunters' Hurdle Cup, and is rapidly coming to the front among amateur cross-country riders. Those who believed in the chances of Ascetic's Silver at Liverpool are sorry to find that the horse has been scratched, Mr. Hastings having found it impossible to get the fine old horse fit owing to a recent injury. We shall have a sort of rehearsal for the Grand National in the Liverpool Trial Steeplechase at Sandown Park on Thursday, though the race will be less interesting than it usually is. Coulthwaite can be represented by his much discussed pair, Roman Law and Seisdon Prince, but the great feature of the race will be the meeting of the latter and Springbok. This promises a fine struggle. At Liverpool I should prefer **Springbok,** and he may be good enough to win at Sandown too.

With the near approach of flat-racing, there will be constant demands for trustworthy starting-price bookmakers, and our readers may be warned against certain firms of mushroom growth whose motto seems to be "heads I win, tails you lose." Far better to make one's investments with a firm whose solidity is above question, such as that which is controlled by Mr. Daniel M. Gant, of 25, Conduit Street, W., who has now opened a branch at Flushing, to which cash deposits may be sent, while bets may be made in London. Mr. Gant's reputation as the premier Turf accountant has been legitimately won. We have carefully examined his book of rules, and they are perfectly straightforward and fair.

The Shire Horse Show

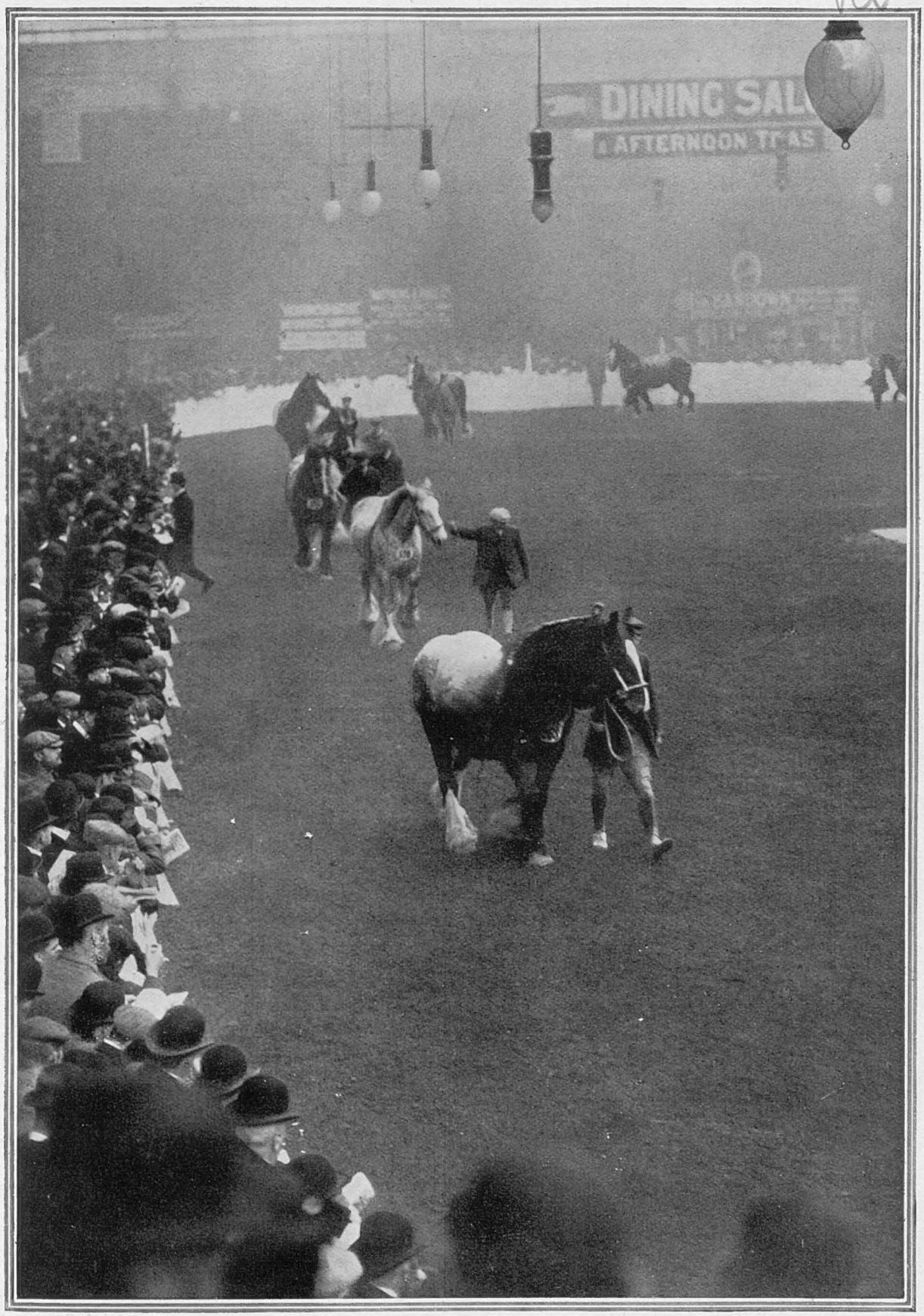
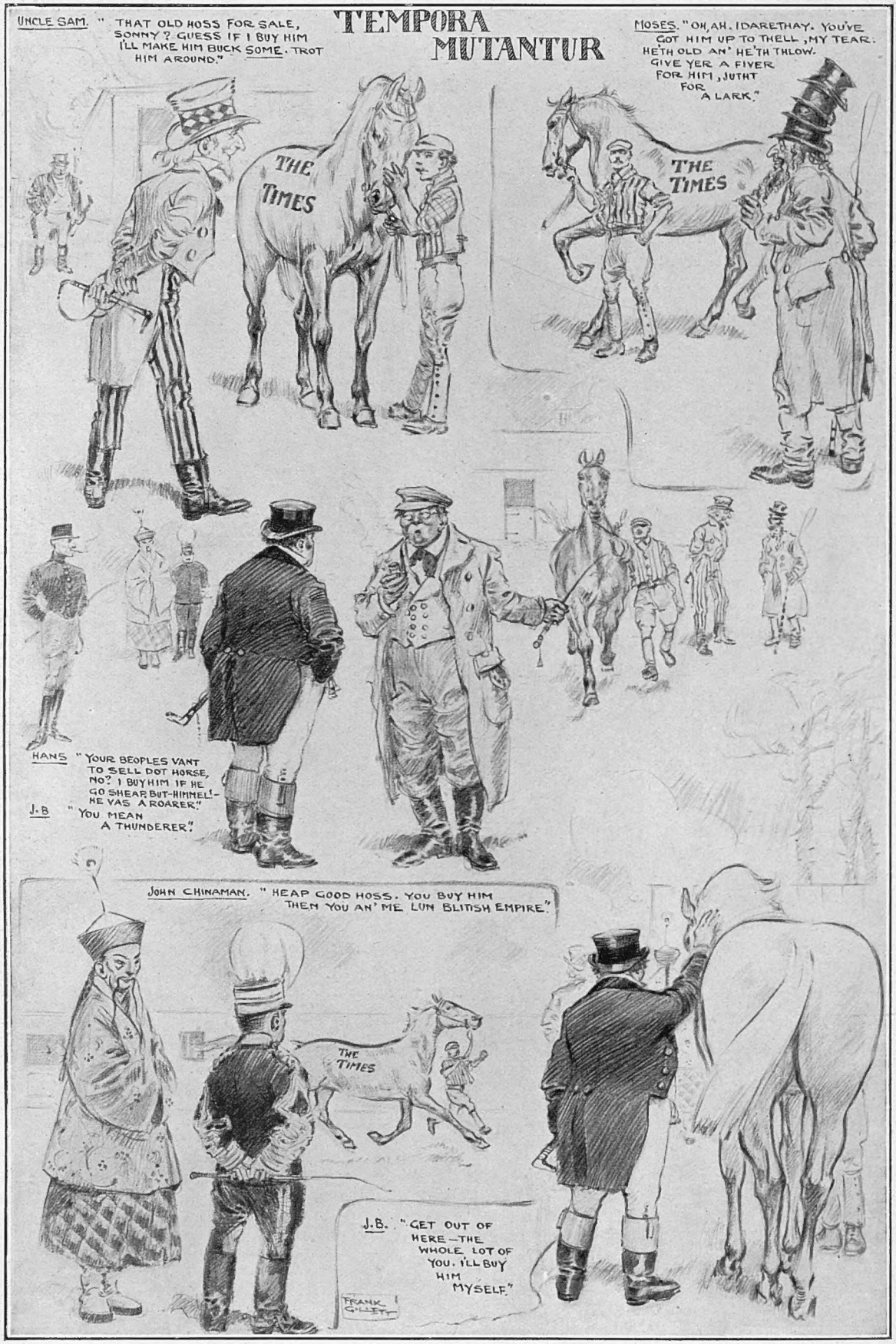


Photo *Sport and General*

JUDGING SHIRE MARES AT ISLINGTON

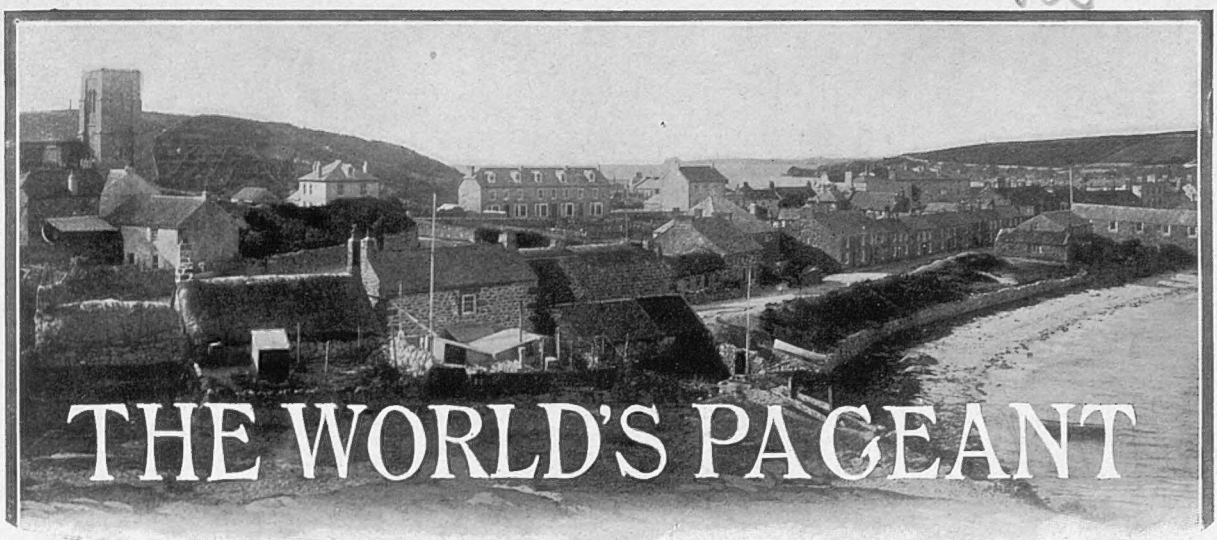
The Shire Horse Show at the Royal Agricultural Hall, Islington, last week, was most successful, the superb collection of heavy horses brought into the ring proving that the Shire breed is in a flourishing state. Earl Egerton, of Tatton, won the Society's 100 Guinea Challenge Cup with the sire "Tatton Dray King," and Lord Rothschild's "Belle Cole" was the champion mare

Who'll Buy "The Times"?



SOME WOULD-BE PURCHASERS—AND A "SHOULD-BE"

BY F. GILLETT



THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

Photo] **Where to Go to Escape the London March: St. Mary's, Scilly** [*Frith*

Where daffodils and other flowers have long since begun to peer, and where the "sweet of the year"—otherwise Spring—has already come in

The King's Departure

The King leaves Buckingham Palace on Thursday for Biarritz. He crosses the Channel by Dover and Calais, and breaks his journey in Paris. His Majesty's stay at Biarritz is expected to last about three weeks, and at the end of it he will go for a cruise in the Mediterranean, on board the Royal yacht *Victoria and Albert*, the new yacht *Alexandra* not being ready for use yet. It is anticipated that the Queen will also take part in the yachting expedition.

* * *

The Second Court

Their Majesties held their second Court at Buckingham Palace on Friday last, the function being preceded by a Royal dinner-party in the State dining-room at nine o'clock. There was more display than at the first Court, which was almost exclusively official; the dresses were more splendid and the jewels more striking. But the half-mourning regulations still kept the note of the proceedings somewhat subdued, and the summer Courts will clearly be far more brilliant. The period of mourning ended on Monday.

* * *

His Majesty's Humble Guests

A rather piquant contrast to this ceremony was one which took place at the Palace on the previous day. In this case the King's guests were only two in number, and they attended in no Court dress or uniform, but the simple and hideous Sunday suits of the working man. They were the two miners, Chandler and Everson, come to receive the Edward Medal for heroism underground, and, to judge by their embarrassed demeanour, they were performing another act of heroism that day. The more interesting figure of the two was Chandler, a Barnsley man, who is over sixty, white-bearded, and venerable-looking, but, as he has shown, with not a trace of the weakness or selfish "pawkiness" of age.

Photo *K. Collings*

Mrs. Harry Laverton

Wife of Capt. H. Laverton, 3rd Hussars. Recently awarded the Royal Humane Society's Medal for saving a native child from drowning in Kashmir

* * *

A Heroine in Real Life

Apropos of heroism and its reward, I see that Mrs. Harry Laverton's name appears in the last list of awards for the Royal Humane Society's medal. She is the wife of Captain H. Laverton, 3rd Hussars, and received the medal for gallantry, risking her own life in saving that of a little native child from drowning in the Kishengunga river in Kashmir. She is well known for the many successful entertainments she has organised for the benefit of soldiers all over India and for the way in which she plays the 'cello. Mrs. Laverton is most popular in Indian Society, where her absence will be much felt, her husband's regiment having lately gone to Pretoria.

* * *

The King and the Premiership

The King's departure for a long foreign trip comes at the moment of a peculiar *impasse* in the political situation—a moment when, for all the general public knows, the Premiership, involving as it does the difficult task of controlling a variegated and unruly crowd, is more or less in commission. But I am informed that, when Mr. Asquith saw the King, a definite arrangement was laid before him, and sanctioned, as to the succession and the manner thereof. There was no need, however, to communicate either the fact or the details to panic-stricken Liberals, who all shrieked at the bare idea of so definite a course of action as a change in leadership, and prayed for procrastination until the very last possible moment.

London's Gad-About Bishop

The Premier

As it was my sad duty to state last week—and the denials of the "inspired" Press do not deter me in the least from telling the truth—the Prime Minister is very ill indeed, and his return to active political life is out of the question. It is true that, during the week, he has valiantly resisted the encroachment of his insidious complaint, but, unfortunately, on Sunday he had another serious relapse.

* * *

Mr. Chamberlain

Mr. Chamberlain—that other notable invalid—departed on Friday for the Riviera, Cannes, not as was originally announced, San Remo, being his resting place. The ailing statesman, alas, is but the shadow of his former self. Still, the fact that he had recovered sufficiently to be able even to make such a journey at all, is good news, though the fatigue was great.

* * *

Bishop Ingram's Little Trips

Dr. Ingram has been enjoying himself of late. But the other day we were following with zest his movements in the States, particularly the lawn tennis match with Mr. Roosevelt. Lately, we have been receiving the most exuberant accounts of his stay in Russia, which is, oddly enough, within the limits of his diocese! While other less fortunate prelates are at home wrangling their very souls out over the Education Bill, the Bishop of London is to be envied his immunity from the controversy, though were I seeking refuge from political squabbles, Russia is hardly the place to which I should fly.

* * *

An Odious Inquisition

Mr. Asquith has started his duties as Acting-Premier in bad odour—the odour of public-houses laid waste and whisky bottles smashed by a frenzied Nation-al axe. But much more serious than the suppression of over 30,000 licenses, which the latest Chadband Bill enjoins, worse than all this "intolerable deal of sack," was the last provision of all as outlined by Mr. Asquith. The sting of the Bill is in the tail, which wags to the effect that *any club, whether in Pall Mall or elsewhere*, may be inspected by police officials in plain clothes. Now, this measure cuts at the very roots of our social existence. In the first place it is rank Socialism. In the second place it would destroy half the charm and seclusion of club life, for Liberals as well as Conservatives. If the peppery Colonel is in danger of an apopletic fit at the sight of obvious civilian outsiders penetrating the sacred precincts of the "Rag," not less will the amiable *habitué* of the National Liberal be horrified to discover that the new member with whom he has just had a talk and a whisky, is a police official in disguise. As for the general public, it would seem that the question of yesterday—"What is whisky?"—will be banished by to-morrow's more urgent query—"Where is whisky?"

* * *

The Torpids at Oxford

The "Toggers"—I refer to the eight-oared Torpid races at Oxford University—have resulted in yet another triumph for Christ Church, and the House is now head of the river twice over. This second headship is, of course, not to be compared for importance with that of the Eights, nor is there the audience to add publicity to the racing. But for strenuousness and undiluted sporting interest one feels almost inclined to give the palm to the Torpids. The House were easily the best crew on the river, and their success is one more feather in the cap of Mr. W. A. L. Fletcher, D.S.O., who sent the Eight up top, and indirectly, though not less surely, the Torpid. I hear, by the way, that second Eights will be put on this year, and that the crews of the second boats will be allowed to row in the Torpids afterwards—a very odd arrangement.

Our Gad-About Bishop

Dr. Winnington Ingram, photographed in St. Petersburg in all the warmth and glory of furs, with a heap of snow behind him. Russia is, it may not be generally known, in his diocese! Happy Bishop—so far away from the Education Bill!

Photo *Illustrations bureau*

Mr. Chamberlain's Departure

The ex-Colonial Secretary, supported by his wife, and his son, Mr. Neville Chamberlain, leaving Victoria on Friday for the Riviera

A Monarch Unawares

HOSTESS: "Let me introduce my cousin Louis." (*Aside*), "We call him Louis XIV. you know, as we only ask him to dinner when we happen to be thirteen"

BY DUDLEY HARDY

Why Not Titles for Sportsmen?

Titles for Sportsmen

Why should not titles be conferred for proficiency in sport as well as for stuffier pre-eminence, political, intellectual, or purely auriferous? The Olympic games would provide the opportunity for establishing an excellent precedent. I am encouraged in the suggestion by a consideration of the number of cases in which titular and sporting distinctions already go together. Baronetcies would do very well to make a beginning with, and here the roll of honour is as long as anywhere. Two of the best-known sporting baronets, perhaps, are Sir Humphrey de Trafford and his brother-in-law, Sir Timothy O'Brien. In hunting, shooting, coursing, and cattle-breeding Sir Humphrey yields to no one in Leicestershire. As a cricketer he is rather overshadowed by his brother-in-law and by his brother "C. E.," the Leicestershire captain; but he could, in his day, put up a good game, and was captain of his school eleven at Beaumont Lodge.

* * *

An Old Catholic Family

He is the head of one of the oldest Catholic families in the kingdom, for his family records date back to before the Norman Conquest. He is twenty-ninth in direct succession from Randolph, Lord de Trafford, of whom it is related that he hid his money under the floor of a barn when William the Conqueror came into his district and that the invader actually set his men to thresh corn over the hiding-place without discovering the secret. Whence the family crest—a thresher and a flail. His descendant has not been so successful in hoarding; indeed, not his dearest enemies, if Sir Humphrey has more than one in the world, could accuse him of parsimony. Only last year his monetary affairs were, not for the first time, the subject of official inquiry, and it may be remembered that a number of years ago he sold his ancestral home, Trafford Park, to Mr. E. T. Hooley for £360,000. His headquarters are now at Hill Crest, a hunting box near Market Harborough.

Photo *Lafayette*

A Sporting Baronet: Sir Humphrey de Trafford

A Leicestershire enthusiast in hunting, shooting, cricket, coursing, and cattle-breeding

* * *

A Leicestershire Sportswoman

Leicestershire is one of the most sporting counties in England, across country at any rate, and the epithet applies not only to its men, but to its women. It is a little surprising, however, to find, as one of its leading followers of hounds, an American lady, in the person of Mrs. David Beatty, of Brooksby Hall. Mrs. Beatty was Miss Ethel Field, and is the only daughter of Marshall Field, of Chicago, head of the largest "dry goods" business in the world. As such America claims it, any way. The name of Mr. Field, who had once as partners such commercial giants as Potter Palmer and Levi Z. Leiter, is also associated with the directorate of the U.S. Steel Corporation, and other colossal concerns. Mrs. Beatty's husband is a captain

Photo *Graphic Photo Union*

THE HOME OF A NOTED SPORTSWOMAN

Brooksby Hall, the residence of Mrs. David Beatty, one of the leading sportswomen in Leicestershire. Her husband is a captain in the Navy, and a D.S.O., and has seen service in China and the Soudan

A Lady Rider to Hounds

Photo *Graphic Photo Union*

MRS. DAVID BEATTY

The wife of Captain David Beatty, R.N., of Brooksby Hall, Leicestershire, one of the Naval advisers to the Army Council. A leading follower of hounds in one of the most sporting counties. Mrs Beatty is the only daughter of Mr. Marshall Field, of Chicago, head of the largest "dry goods" business in the world

The Debut of a "Dramateur"

in the Navy, and acts as naval adviser to the Army Council. He won the D.S.O. in the Soudan ten years ago, and later saw active service in China.

* * *

The Big-Game Craze

But not all of the ever-growing band of sportswomen are content to confine their energies to home coverts and the unsensational perils of English flood and field. Africa is fast becoming an essential of the ambitious woman's out-of-door curriculum; in fact, as THE BYSTANDER recently summed it up, it will soon have to be re-dubbed the Fair, instead of the Dark Continent. The indomitable Lady Constance Stewart-Richardson is announced to be off for the Soudan, on big game intent. The Countess of Sefton lately bagged her first lion, and now Lady Grizel Hamilton, wife of the Master of Belhaven, has made a record bag in East Africa. Lady Grizel is a daughter of the Earl of Dundonald, of Ladysmith and Canadian militia fame, and she has brought into play the family attributes so strikingly exemplified in him, as enshrined in the family motto, *virtute et labore*—which may be freely translated, "back-bone and elbow-grease." But one is inclined to ask whether it is not time that this promiscuous slaughter of big game should be firmly restricted.

Photos *Kate Pragnell*

Miss Dariel Hay

Shortly to be married to Sir E. Pauncefort-Duncombe. She is the sister of Sir Duncan Hay, of Kingsmeadows, Peebles, and the daughter of the ninth baronet

Photo *Thomson*

A Budding Dramatist

Miss Hester Stanhope, author of *The Money-Grabber*, a Society satire produced at the Kingsway last Thursday in aid of the Waterloo Hospital, and played by amateurs

* * *

Vandals of the Gun

This epidemic of big-game shooting among the leisured class, for no utilitarian purpose, but simply for killing's sake, is not only in danger of falling into the contempt bred by familiarity, but—a far more serious matter—is gravely imperilling the continued existence of certain types of animal life. Already, we have to mourn the disappearance of more than one noble species through this vandalism of the gun, which comes out of an activity no higher than any other kind of souvenir-hunting. There should be a close-time for big game as well as for little.

* * *

A Society Dramatist

Miss Hester Stanhope, in making her debut as a dramatic authoress, followed the example of other Society women such as the Duchess of Sutherland, the Countess of Cromartie, Lady Archibald Campbell, and Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton. Miss Stanhope, who is the daughter of Mr. Henry Augustus Stanhope, and cousin of the present earl, has literary traditions in her family, and her grandfather attained some note as a historian and biographer. The *Money-Grabber*, which was described as a Society satire, is the first play from her pen. It was successfully produced on Thursday last at the Kingsway Theatre, at a special matinée in aid of the Waterloo Hospital. The cast, which was almost exclusively an amateur one, included several well-known people, among them Lady Clarke-Jervoise and her daughter.

* * *

Collarless Knights

Times are hard when Knights cannot even raise a collar apiece to wear at a public function. That was the plight, however, of some of those who attended the installation of Lord Castletown at Dublin last Saturday as a Knight of St. Patrick, the shortage being due to the amazing and still unexplained theft of State jewels from the Castle. In Lord Castletown the Government is honouring first and foremost a valuable sheep returned to the fold, for he was a Liberal a quarter of a century ago, but then went over, and until but a couple of years since has ranked as a strong Unionist. But he has other qualifications for the ribbon of St. Patrick in the antiquity and greatness of his family traditions, for he is a Fitzpatrick, and a descendant of the Kings of Ossory. His wife is a daughter of a former Viscount Doneraile, and brought to

Kate Pragnell

Sir E. Pauncefort-Duncombe

Of Brickhill Manor, Bletchley, Bucks. To marry Miss Dariel Hay

AN ENGAGEMENT OF THE WEEK

Where Three M.P.'s Meet

A WILTSHIRE VILLAGE, WHICH HOUSES NO FEWER THAN THREE COMMONERS

1. "Jaggaros," Corsham
The residence of Mr. J. M. F. Fuller, M.P. (Westbury Div.), a Jun. Lord of the Treasury

2. "The Ridge," Corsham
The residence of Mr. C. E. H. Hobhouse, M.P. (E. Bristol), Under-Secretary for India

Photos] 3. Hartham Park, Corsham [*Frith*

The residence of Sir John Dickson-Poynder, M.P. (Chippenham Div.)

Corsham, a quiet Wiltshire village, enjoys the privilege of possessing three M.P.'s as residents. Two of them, Mr. Fuller and Mr. Hobhouse, are Liberal Ministers, and as they are, therefore, necessarily friends, they are, no doubt, often seen about the village together—"Whigs on the Green." Lord Methuen is another prominent resident in this thrice-hallowed spot

Persse-cution in Ireland

her husband Doneraile Court, Co. Cork, a house associated with the creation of the only lady freemason, a Lady Aldworth of bygone days, who hid behind a screen at a lodge meeting, and had to be admitted to membership to stop her mouth. Lord Castletown is Chancellor of the University of Ireland, and is also one of the founders of the Pan-Celtic movement, his practical enthusiasm for which has gone so far as a suggestion that we should wear embroidered brogues instead of boots and shoes.

* * *

The Castle "in Coventry"

Meanwhile, as the glittering pomp of an investiture is proceeding—so far as it can glitter under the circumstances—the Castle is practically "in Coventry" so far as decent people are concerned, and this not by any means because of the ugly business of the jewels. A general uneasiness is felt by the higher classes of Society in Ireland, by all those in responsible positions who cherish loyal sentiments, about the attitude adopted towards even the most patent disaffection by Lord Aberdeen. A simple instance will serve to illustrate the point. The Cork Exhibition was opened by the Viceroy in State. The decorations were lavish, and flags of all nations save one fluttered from the buildings. The exception was the Union Jack. That this notorious omission would be made was known beforehand to Lord Aberdeen; yet he went there, as the representative of the King, and the nation thus insulted, and lent his official sanction to the proceedings. It is not upon such a Viceroy as this that the loyalists feel they can rely.

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

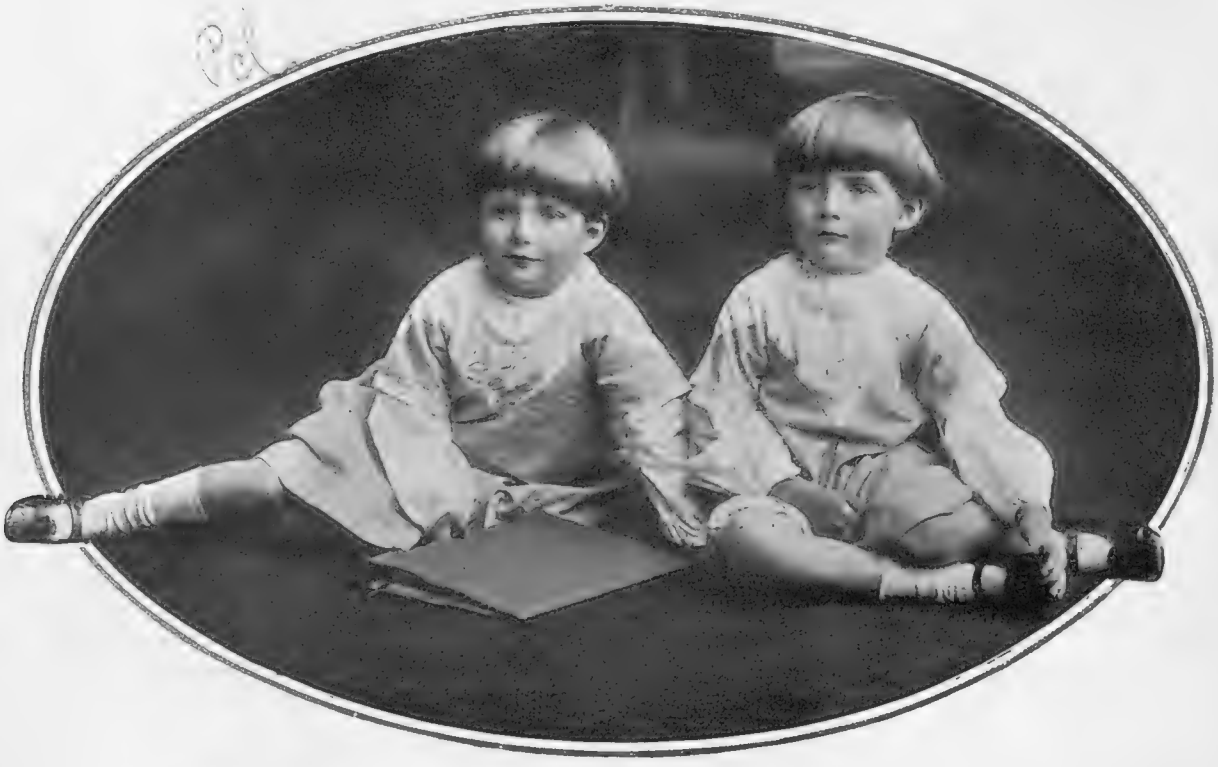
Mr. H. Persse

A well-known Galway tenant-farmer who, for the last seven years, has been the victim of boycotting and outrage at the hands of the United Irish League. He recently related his sufferings to a shocked audience in the drawing-room of the Duchess of St. Alban's

* * *

A State of Anarchy

It is a moment when a strong man is especially needed, though even the strongest could scarcely hope to make any headway against the alarming and almost incredible condition of affairs which has been allowed to grow up through the supine inactivity and wilful blindness of the Government. Ireland, in the South and West, is in a state of anarchy—there is no other word for it. "The land for the people" is the cry of the United Irish League, with Mr. Redmond and the other Nationalist M.P.'s among its leaders. And, consequently, war upon the landlords, a war waged with all the iniquitous and cowardly weapons of a Mafia society, without either courage or pity. Legislation has been specially devised to facilitate the sale of their property by landlords and to remove the disadvantages of absenteeism. But the programme of the League is to make such sales universal and compulsory, without any discrimination or distinction



Lafayette

TWINS IN THE IRISH PEERAGE

The Hons. Theobald and Horace Somerset, the two little twin grandsons of the Earl of Carrick—sons of Viscount Ikerrin. The likeness is exact enough to promise quite a comedy of errors for some distant date. Their age is five, Theobald being the elder, and therefore the heir

Of the Irish Peerage

Photo *Lafayette*

LADY CLANMORRIS AND HER DAUGHTERS, THE HON. HARRIETTE AND THE HON. ELEANOR BINGHAM

Lord Clanmorris's residence, Creg Clare, is in the heart of County Galway, now so much disturbed by the operations of the United Irish League, to which reference is made on the following page

Lord Dunraven Off for a Motor Trip

whatsoever. Scarcely a landlord in the South and West feels safe from the operations of the League. Some, like Lord Ashtown and Lord Clanricarde, have defied it to do its worst; but there are many others who have yielded to *force majeure*.

* * *

Ireland's Real Rulers

The real rulers of Ireland at the present moment are not the King or his Viceroy, but this motley crew of Leaguers, with the tactics of banditti, and the methods of the Inquisition. The ordinary courts of justice in many districts are a farce, for the terrorised juries, instructed by the League, absolutely refuse to convict. The real courts are those held by the League itself, before which Irishmen are compelled to appear and plead for the very existence of their homes. If they disobey the tyrannical judgment, their fate is that of Mr. Persse, who has recently told so sensational, yet so thoroughly typical, a story to the British public. There are dozens of Irish landowners —not men necessarily of rank or note, but just citizens, whose sole offence is that of holding land — like him, the victims of the boycott, and who cannot maintain their restricted and isolated existence without continual police protection.

Photo *Lafayette*

Lord Castletown

Again a Liberal, after many years' dalliance with Unionism. He has lately received the Order of St. Patrick at the hands of the King

The Domination of the Priests

Even more important a factor than the Irish M.P.'s in bringing about this reign of terror, which is swelling nearer and nearer to the dimensions of a revolution, is the Irish priesthood. The influence of the priests is unlimited, and they are the foes of Great Britain almost to a man. They have the ear of the populace, and they are foremost in the counsels of the League. The financial side of the movement is largely under the control of the priests. They have the handling of the substantial sums which are contributed from across the Atlantic. And they are enriching themselves and building cathedrals, while the people starve.

* * *

What is England Doing?

Meanwhile, Mr. Birrell, like an amiable ostrich, hiding his head in the sand of statistics, declares that Ireland is in a state of tranquillity. Asked if he will put the Crimes Act in force he shouts "I won't." So, I suppose, England must await the return of the Tories, whose function it ever is to clear up the messes of weak-kneed Whiggery and be blamed for the bloodshed.

LORD DUNRAVEN OFF FOR A MOTOR-TOUR

The well-known Irish political and sporting peer leaving his residence in Connaught Place, Hyde Park, for a motor-trip to Pau. The car is a new and handsome 40 h.-p. Crossley, which Lord Dunraven makes a point of driving himself

Not in Favour of Economy!

Photo *Dixham*

VICE-ADMIRAL THE HON. SIR HEDWORTH LAMBTON

The strenuous "Big Navy" Liberal who succeeds Sir A. W. Moore as Commander-in-Chief of the China Station. Admiral Lambton left London on February 20 to take up his command. His work with the Naval Brigade at Ladysmith helped to make history. He has just been decorated with the First Class Order of the Red Eagle by the Kaiser

CONTINENTAL CHAT

Photo Copyright "*The Bystander*"

A General View of Nice from the Road to Villafranche

Carnival season is commencing on the Riviera, and all the resorts have their full complement of visitors and merrymakers. Nice is rapidly becoming the frontier post between the English and German colonies. Visitors from the Fatherland preferring the more Eastern resorts, while those on the West are almost entirely British

The German Chancellor and the Kaiser

The rumours of Prince Bülow's retirement are renewed, and are, this time, not entirely without foundation. The fainting fit which obliged him to take a few months' rest was, in a man of the Prince's robust health and vigorous frame, a serious symptom. During his eight years of office as Imperial Chancellor he has led a life of great responsibility, coupled with anxieties of the most varied character—mostly of a personal nature.

* * *

The Emperor's whims are not the least important item in his collection of troubles. His Majesty, despite his strong personality, is very capricious in the selection of those he honours with his confidence, and expresses his opinions regardless of their effect on official discipline. He will receive some under-strapper of the Foreign Office, whose social position gives him access to the Palace, and talk to him openly about his superiors, even of the Chancellor himself, and the little man's head swells in proportion.

* * *

This will circulate round the office till it reaches the chief himself, and wherever a rumour of Imperial favouritism penetrates, it encourages a spirit of insubordination. More than once, Prince Bülow has had to hint to his Imperial master that he is not chained to his seals of office. But the Chancellor has a joyous nature, which throws off its cares, and he has hitherto taken life without expecting much from it one way or another. He will be sixty years of age next year; he has begun to feel the weight of office, and makes no secret of his wish to retire. As to his successor, the choice, rumour says, will lie between Baron Marschall von Bieberstein and Herr von Schoen.

* * *

Von Schoen has rapidly risen in favour. The fact that he, and not the Chancellor, accompanied the Emperor to England, meant nothing in itself, but the Emperor shows so strong a liking for his new Minister that he is now backed with odds against Baron Marschall, who, anyhow, is probably too old to be thought of for another post after his present one. He is ten years older than Herr von Schoen, who is only 57.

For eleven years von Schoen was councillor to the Paris Embassy, where he made many friends. His talents as a conjurer and ventriloquist are still spoken of, whenever his name is mentioned. His faculties as a diplomatist have been developed since he left the Gay Capital, and I do not know if he has had time to amuse his colleagues in Berlin as he used to do those in Paris. In business hours, Herr von Schoen was always serious, but on dull days, which are never infrequent at Embassies, he would startle his colleagues by suddenly talking in well-known voices.

* * *

Active preparations are being made at Corfu for the Emperor's approaching visit. It is at present expected that he will not sail direct to his destination, but will take the opportunity of cruising in the Mediterranean before settling in his Island residence. The "Hohenzollern," the Kaiser's yacht, is a magnificent vessel, and very swift, but unfortunately it carries too small a quantity of coal for distant destinations.

* * *

Contrary to what was expected, the beautiful Palace of Achilleion, except for cleaning, remains almost unaltered. The Kaiser's study alone has been changed to suit his tastes, his own books being placed on shelves not far from his desk, whilst several of his bronze busts of philosophers, maps, and models of German men-of-war have been brought from Berlin so that he may have his working surroundings even during his holidays. The Palace of Achilleion which is of much historical interest, is perhaps the only luxury which the late Empress of Austria allowed herself.

* * *

Each of its columns facing the blue sea is an exquisite work of art. They were carved for the Empress at Rome, and brought by her to Corfu on her own yacht. Among the other art treasures are many antiques from Italy, Algiers, and Morocco, collected by the Empress, which are said to have cost fabulous sums of money. All the year round, roses bloom in the richly decorated gardens. Among the palms are tiny fountains, and almost dissembled between the roses and palms is a pavilion erected to the memory of Heinrich Heine, Elizabeth's favourite poet.

Under the Southern Cross

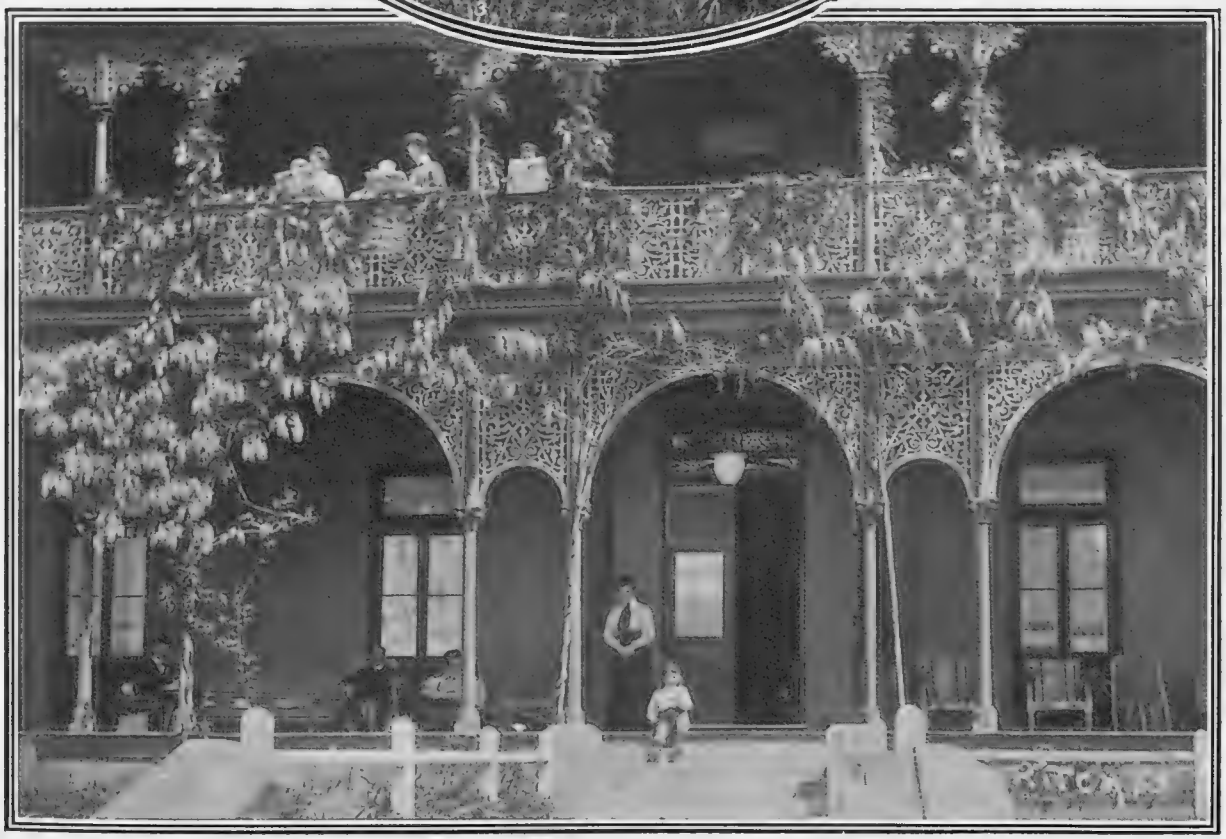
READERS IN WESTERN AUSTRALIA, NEW SOUTH WALES AND QUEENSLAND

Farthest North—In Australia

(1) My Japanese cook, and (2) "Big Mac," pioneer, wrestler, boxer and prospector. Two interesting photographs sent by Mr Alexander Macdonald (of Elcho Lodge, Perth), the daring traveller and writer, of members of his camp, in York's Peninsula, the most northerly point of the Australian Continent, and probably one of the most isolated districts in the world

(3). Australian "Natives," Black and White

A Fremantle baby and an Australian native "boy." The blacks are rapidly dying out, but "Johnnie," who has been brought up by white people, serves as house-boy tracker, etc. Southern Cross, where this was taken, was the first of the Yilgarn Goldfields, and has just celebrated its 20th birthday. It is 150 miles from Coolgardie, and 250 miles from Fremantle. Sent by Mrs. G. A. Wilson, Southern Cross, Western Australia



(4) A Balcony Scene at a Blue Mountains' Hotel

Sent by Mrs. A. C. Peacock, Carrington Hotel, Katoomba, Blue Mountains, New South Wales

From Tour to—Shaw

MISS AURIOL LEE, WHO COMES FROM THE PROVINCES TO PLAY IN "ARMS AND THE MAN"

Photo *Foulsham and Banfield*

Miss Lee is an example of a clever actress whose talent was, for some time, hidden under a bushel in a provincial touring company, a field London managers are prone to forget. Mr. Granville Barker, one of our most enterprising managers, however, saw her playing Miss Irene Vanbrugh's part in "His House in Order" on tour, and immediately secured her services for his theatre, where she is now appearing with great success

THE PLAYHOUSES

By ERIC CLEMENT SCOTT

"FIDO" AT THE PLAYHOUSE
and
"MATT OF MERRYMOUNT"
AT THE NEW THEATRE

Miss Janet Alexander

Who played Titania in the O.U.D.S. performances of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* at Oxford last week

Photo *L. Caswall Smith*

THE PLAYHOUSE

"Fido"

Someone, surely not Mr. Cyril Maude, has put it about that *Fido* is a "stop gap" production, which, but for the early demise of *The O'Grindles*, would never have passed the special matinée stage of existence.

Why a thoroughly bad play, *The O'Grindles*, should enjoy the pomp and circumstance of ridiculous preliminary paragraphs concerning a pig and his debut as an actor, and a quite good play, *Fido* be produced in such a furtive and deprecatory manner, would puzzle the foreigner not acquainted with the peculiar bees which buzz in the English stage bonnet.

The lamentable fact is that the English manager is suffering from the calamity which overtook the fisherman in "The Arabian Night's Entertainment," who caught a Genii in a bottle and opened the cork. The English theatre manager once kept on a chain a very convenient, handy little imp called Commerce. This imp, escaped from duress and swollen into a devil, now owns and obsesses and dominates his master. One of the golden rules of the commercial world is: "Make a splash if you would make šplosh." The reader will forgive the slang for the sake of the prosody and melody of the maxim. Unless a commodity be elaborately puffed and gaudily displayed there is no sale for it. Theatre managers have joined the ranks of the butchers and bakers and candlestick-makers, so we naturally find them guided by the same principles and looking at matters from the same point of view as their brother-traders. Their watchwords are Advertisement and Display.

No Tirade Intended.

I am not delivering a tirade against managers, but drawing attention to the barnacles which impede the progress of the good ship "British Stage." To prove this I insert an explanation which, however self-evident, proves the purity of my purpose. It is this. The public is just as much to blame for raising the flag of Commerce as the managers. If you would rather buy sand in a pretty miniature barrel with every hoop correct than sugar done up in brown paper, you are as much a fool as the vendor is a rogue. The British playgoer grows every year more childish in his tastes. He is attracted by baubles. He crows with delight at a pretty painted wrapping.

The "wrappings" of a production have come to be the most important part of it. And now, at last, we

Photo *Rita Martin*

The Darling of the Ladies

Mr. Matheson Lang as Romeo in *Romeo and Juliet*, which is being produced at the Lyceum on March 14

have come to the reason why *The O'Grindles* is essentially an evening bill production and *Fido* is not. *The O'Grindles* was elaborately staged, and, provided the real horse did not back its fair rider into the footlights, the success of the first act was assured. *Fido* is merely the simple, well-told story of four delightfully drawn characters who inhabit a flat in Hampstead. There is but one scene, and if you are the kind of playgoer who gets bored with listening to people talk, and seeks relief by looking about him, there is nothing for you to see but a few tables and chairs, and odds and ends of drapery. A very poor display for the eye this lot of furniture. And so, judged by modern standards, *Fido* is a matinée play not fitted for the evening bill. But those who have not allowed their taste to be vitiated by continual indulgence in "feasts for the eye" will find *Fido* an admirable little play. Crusty old James Entwistle; his frivolous, pleasure-loving, ordinary wife (yes, ordinary is what best hits her off, but it takes an artist to draw, either on the stage or in a book, a real ordinary woman); the bluff, hearty lodger, Charlie Marshall, bristling with most objectionable and most lovable qualities; the quiet, unpretending, hard-working, ordinary niece, Minnie Vincent. All these characters are human. They are flesh and blood, not stage figures stuffed with sawdust. But because the scenic background to the story of these real people costs a few hundreds instead of a few thousands *Fido* is contemptuously dubbed a "stop gap," a play fit only to fill the breach left by the lordly *O'Grindles* with its real horse, its unreal Irish life and its meretricious adornments. Mr. Cyril Maude, Miss Winifred Emery and Mr. C. V. France gave capital performances of this very human trio—man, wife and lodger. In the first piece, *The Golden Wedding*, Mr. Maude, who of late has been playing juveniles, reminded us that he is one of the foremost "old men" on the stage.

NEW THEATRE

"Matt of Merrymount"

Mr. Fred Terry has won another great success in historical melodrama. When people grumbled about the merits of *The Scarlet Pimpernel*, they usually kissed and made friends over the statement that "Fred Terry was simply ripping in the part." Turn up your nose if you will at the crowded incidents in the career of Matt of Merrymount, yet I defy you to carry away from the theatre aught but the warmest feelings towards the merry vagabond himself. The story of Matt's high birth, of his roysterings with wild companions hard by the well-kept plantations of old Gamaliel Frothingham, of his wooing the old Puritan's pretty daughter Diantha, of the many misadventures which postpone the ringing of the inevitable wedding bells—this story is not of much account. It might be turned inside out or written backwards so long as we were permitted to see as much as possible of Matt Lawless. To see him by turns bombastic, disdainful, humorous, sarcastic, impatient, long-suffering. To see his evil nature respond to the lures of Red Jill and his good nature open like a flower under the tender influence of Diantha Frothingham. It is Matt we want to see, and Matt of whom we do not grow tired. Special mention must be made of Mr. A. E. Anson, who played the villain of the piece in a manner that should set an example to other villains. Miss Alice Crawford has developed mannerisms of speech and gesture against which, if she values her future artistic career, she will make a determined effort to fight.

E. C. S.

Photo] **"Matt of Merrymount" at the New Theatre** [*Ellis & Walery*

MATT (*Mr. Fred Terry*) to DIANTHA FROTHINGHAM (*Miss Alice Crawford*): "Never have I danced with so fair a partner."

One of the "Crowded Incidents" in Matt's life is his servitude in the house of the old Puritan—Diantha's father. Needless to say he improves the occasion by making love to the daughter.

"SCENES FROM POTTED PLAYS"

BY NORMAN MORROW

Woman's Pluck in African Wilds: Lady G

Perhaps it is fortunate, in the interests of keeping Africa primeval, that there are not many women such as Lady Grizel Hamilton. If, wearied of the agitation for the Suffrage, others should be disposed to follow her example and track even bigger game than Cabinet Ministers, African forests would speedily be stripped of their wild glories, which would be a matter of regret, at any rate, for those who live at a convenient distance from them. Lady Grizel Hamilton has lately returned from a six months' sporting t Protectorate, accompanied by her husban of the Governor, they were able to trav only lately been opened, where Lady Gr the natives. Her bag was a record one wildebeeste and leopard—the latter ha

rizel Hamilton's Record Bag of Big-Game

pedition in the British East African the Master of Belhaven. By courtesy in the Trans-Tana region, which has el was the first white woman seen by It included rhinoceros, hippopotamus, ng been shot by Lady Grizel while she was waiting for a train on the Uganda Railway,—an exciting method of relieving railway tedium not granted to stay-at-homes! Our photographs show (1) Lady Grizel Hamilton after bringing down a wildebeeste. (2) Nursing two lion cubs caught by the Master of Belhaven. (3) Crossing a swollen stream, and (4) Beside a dead rhinoceros

OUR WORLDLY SHORT STORIES.—NO. 119

Mabel, Go and Put on Your Hat!

By LEONARD MERRICK

(Author of "The House of Lynch," "Whispers About Women," etc.)

CARTER had been a widower for nearly five years when the Bank transferred him to the Blithepoint branch, and the change was not disagreeable to him at first. After Islington, a watering-place that pretended to be fashionable looked well in his eyes. It was when he had been in the town some weeks that he began to be bored. It had been the season when he came down, but now the season was over, and Blithepoint resumed its normal air of depression. Carter viewed the blank parade, shivered in the North-East wind—the wind is always North-East in Blithepoint—and thought wistfully of the London theatres, where several pieces were running that he would have liked to see. He was an ardent playgoer, and had once been an amateur of some distinction.

The manager's residence in Blithepoint was above the Bank—a residence absurdly spacious for a widower without a family. It got on Carter's nerves. He used to wander from one room to another in the evening, missing his chums, and, occasionally, his late wife. He was only forty-five, and looked young for his age. It often occurred to him that a pretty woman over the Bank would improve the premises vastly. Of course, he formed plenty of acquaintances by degrees; it was his duty to form acquaintances; he was on smiling terms with all the former clients, and had contrived to capture a few new ones. The Bank, indeed, was very satisfied. But Carter was not satisfied; he could not be said to have a friend here; there was no man whom he wanted to go to see, or whose arrival meant a jolly evening. He was lonely, sad, inclined to be sentimental.

One Sunday, Pierpoint, the bandmaster at the Winter Garden, invited him to supper. Carter, of course, said that he would be "delighted," not because he cared about Pierpoint—a large, red man, with a boisterous laugh—nor because he liked Mrs. Pierpoint, an untidy, tedious woman; nor yet because the invitation was one of those that he was required to accept in the Bank's interest; as a matter of fact, Pierpoint's account was not worth keeping. He said he would be "delighted" because anything was preferable to sitting alone in the spacious residence and yawning over a novel from the drug stores. So he went, and, to his surprise, there was a pretty girl in an æsthetic gown there, whom he had never seen before.

"Mr. Carter, our great banker—Miss Dora Wyniard, the great actress!" said Pierpoint facetiously.

"How do you do?" said Carter, regarding her with admiration.

"Miss Wyniard only got in an hour ago—she's been travelling all day," remarked the hostess. "I'm sure you must be worn out, dear; I expect you'd much rather have gone to bed?"

"Oh, I wouldn't, indeed!" said Miss Wyniard; "I think it was most awfully kind of you to ask me."

"Railway journeys," observed Carter, "are very tiring, especially on Sundays." It was necessary to say something, and he couldn't think of anything else.

"Odious," assented the girl. "And we've come all the way from Sheffield."

"She's in the Ibsen crowd," explained the bandmaster; "they are at the Royal to-morrow."

"Oh?" said Carter, who had not examined the playbills yet.

"I think Sunday trains are simply appalling," she went on. "And the towns when one arrives, too—everything shut up! To-night is really gorgeous, coming to a place like this, and having friends to go to."

Carter found the evening much pleasanter than he had expected it to be. And when he learnt that she was not staying with the Pierpoints and she rose to say "Good-night," he offered to see her home. Her lodging was at some distance from the house, so the stroll—they did not walk at all briskly—took nearly half an hour.

"You are very interested in the stage, Mr. Carter, aren't you?" she asked by and by.

"Tremendously—er—Ibsen and all that!" he said.

"Oh, of course—when one says the 'stage' one really means Ibsen, doesn't one? I couldn't bear to play in some of the modern things; there's nothing in them!"

"Awful rot!" agreed Carter, whose favourite theatre was the Gaiety. "Down here one misses the best frightfully, you know. I can't bear the sort of piece they get here as a rule."

"You must come and see *us*," she advised him.

"I shall come to-morrow night," he declared. "I should come to see *you*, if you weren't playing Ibsen."

"Really?" she said coquettishly.

"Honour bright!"

"But I may be an awful actress; you don't know!"

"Instinct! But even if you were——"

"You'd still come?"

"By Jove, I would! It sounds—well, you may think it just a compliment, but I never met anybody I—I mean to say I never met anybody who took me out of myself as you have done this evening! It has been quite a red-letter day."

"How strange!" murmured the girl. They had come to a standstill at the steps of her shabby apartments.

"Strange?"

"That *you* should have felt that, too! But I—I suppose some people do understand each other at once." She put out a gentle hand. "It's ever so kind of you to have come all this way with me."

"I wish," said Carter gallantly, "that you had been staying much further off. Good-night, Miss Wyniard."

"Don't forget to-morrow—I do hope I shan't be a disappointment! Good-night, Mr. Carter."

He strode to the Bank with more buoyancy than he had known for months, and though the only play of

(Continued on page 498)

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Whiskers Justified at Last

FACE FUNGI AS A MEANS OF IDENTIFICATION

AN EXTRAVAGANZA BY MR. RENÉ BULL

(*Continued from page 496*)

Ibsen's that he had ever seen had bored him to the verge of extinction, he caught himself looking forward to the following evening with something like romantic eagerness.

On the morrow he half expected to meet her during his "constitutional," but the Parade was as dull as ever. He wondered whether he should scribble a note after the performance, congratulating her. She had "hoped that she wouldn't be a disappointment"—in the circumstances he felt bound to express his appreciation. Yes, he would certainly send a line to her; indeed, she ought to receive it before she left the theatre. But he would hardly have time! Perhaps the best plan would be to pencil something pretty on the back of one of his cards before he went? Or should he wait and see her when she came out?

Eventually he decided upon waiting; he decided during the progress of the play, and there was a touch of unfamiliar excitement in the thought that he alone among the audience was going to talk to Hilda Wangel after the curtain fell. He wished that he understood what the piece meant, but doubtless he could conceal his mystification on the subject; he composed one or two compliments which he felt sure would gratify her, and approached the stage door with mingled feelings. For him to stand there, frankly waiting, might provoke gossip—in his position he could not be too careful. He crossed the road, and sauntered on the opposite side of the street, and finally overtook her at the corner.

She had not expected to see him, and was far from being so well-dressed as she had been on the previous evening; her surprise was not altogether pleasurable.

"Mr. Carter!"

"I couldn't resist waiting to tell you how splendidly you played," he said.

"Oh!" she beamed. "I'm so glad you liked me."

"You—you carry the piece on your shoulders. You must have lived in the part to play it as you do!"

She felt that he was really very nice.

As before, he walked to her lodgings with her, and when she reminded him that on Wednesday and Thursday they were to do *A Doll's House*, he said, of course, that he was intending to see her "Nora."

He saw her "Nora," and her "Hilda" again, too, indeed during the week he saw Miss Wyniard very often. And as the tour was to finish on Saturday, and she spoke of remaining in Blithepoint for a rest, their acquaintance was in no immediate danger of being cut short.

"I've been rather seedy," she explained, "and Blithepoint will do me good. I should have liked to go home, but my mother and sister live in Balham—I don't think that Balham is the place for me just now. The doctor said I ought to stay here for quite a month if I could."

"It would do you all the good in the world," said Carter. "It's so bracing. Is your sister an actress, too, Miss Wyniard?"

"N—no," she said. "No, my sister isn't an actress. My mother is elderly, and someone has to stay with her, you see. Don't look at me so anxiously, I'm not ill, it's only that I've been working so hard. You mustn't fancy I'm an invalid. On the contrary. I mean to go in for no end of walks down here and see the country."

"There's some very pretty country," said Carter. "I'm a bit of a walker myself—or I used to be when I had more time."

"I suppose the Bank doesn't leave you much leisure for that sort of thing?"

"Oh, well, I get out of the town every afternoon, you know, when it's fine. I should like to show you something of the neighbourhood, if you'll let me?"

She was delighted at the prospect. "It would be beautiful!" Before long they were excellent friends—that is to say, they called themselves "friends." They met almost daily; there were one or two evenings when they sat in the stalls of the Royal together; one Sunday she and the Pierpoints went to supper with Carter. He mentioned in an undertone how solitary he found the quarters, and her glance was sympathetic. People talked; it was rumoured that Carter was engaged to Miss Wyniard. When the time came for her to return to London, the bank manager realised that Blithepoint would be more than ever desolate when she had gone.

Well, why shouldn't he ask her to marry him? He debated the point constantly, the novel from the drug stores neglected, and the lonely rooms looking lonelier to him still. He told himself there was no reason whatever if she would leave the stage. But—she spoke so much of her "Art"—did she care for him enough to give it up? She might hesitate to make the sacrifice. It would certainly mean an enormous change in her life; he could not pretend that she would find the place gay, and it might be years before he could contrive to get removed.

He proposed to her at tea in her apartments, and she said that "much as she loved her Art, she loved him more, and that she quite understood it wouldn't do for him to be married to an actress." As a matter of fact, her hardships on the stage—she obtained few engagements, and meagre salaries—had made her loathe it violently, and she contemplated an adequate home and an amiable husband with thanksgiving too deep for words.

So they were engaged; and Carter was presented to the elderly mother and Mabel, the sister. And as there was nothing to cause delay, the wedding took place a few weeks later; and he bought some more furniture and a piano, and the cashier remarked that he went upstairs oftener than he used to do during banking hours, which was natural enough, with a pretty wife to kiss at the top.

Of her mother and Mabel he saw nothing after his marriage. Dora expressed no wish for them to visit her, though she corresponded with them regularly, and as the railway service between Blithepoint and town was execrable, the happy pair did not take any trips to Balham.

Once a week they went to the local theatre. For the rest, their life was practically eventless. In moments it surprised him that she was contented by so quiet a programme. Privately he had often thought that he would much rather have been an actor than a bank manager, and when he contrasted the career that his wife had relinquished with the humdrum existence that she appeared to enjoy now, he felt that her good humour was a high testimonial to the charms of his society.

It was when they had been married about six months that her demeanour first gave him cause for uneasiness. Putting two and two together, he attributed her concern to a letter that she had received; now that he

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A Rising Star

FROM CHORUS TO PRINCIPAL IN A WEEK

Photo] MISS CLARA EVELYN *[Foulsham and Banfield*

Now singing at the Palace Theatre. A week or two back she was in the chorus of "The Merry Widow" at Daly's, but owing to the sudden indisposition of Miss Lily Elsie, of whom she was the understudy, she took up the title role at a moment's notice and scored a great success. She was almost immediately engaged by Mr. Alfred Butt, and her songs, which she herself accompanies on the piano, are now one of the most attractive items at the Palace. Miss Evelyn, when a child, won scholarships for playing and singing at the Royal College of Music, and she has appeared at the Royal Choral Society's concerts

(Continued from page 498)

came to think of it, she had pocketed the letter hastily when it was read, and said nothing of its contents. He had assumed that it came from Balham, for she had few correspondents anywhere else, but if there was bad news from Balham, why should she make a secret of it?

Casually he inquired, "By the way, dear, have your mother and sister enough to keep them comfortably? If there's anything we can do now and again, you know you have only to mention it."

"Darling!" she said. "But they manage on what they have got very well, thanks all the same."

So it wasn't trouble from Balham! Yet something was wrong, and he observed that her nervousness increased as the days went by. When he questioned her openly, she declared that she didn't know what he meant, and laughed at him for his "silly fancies"; but her laugh was false, and she had changed colour in a way that Carter didn't like.

On Sunday, when Carter spoke of going to church—in the Bank's interest he went to church every Sunday morning—his wife answered that she had a headache, and that she thought a quiet hour on the sofa was the only thing that would relieve her. She certainly did look very pale, and Carter fussed sympathetically. He saw her settled among the cushions, brought her smelling salts, darkened the room, and took leave of her, trusting that she would soon feel better. It surprised him considerably on his return to hear that she was not at home, and his surprise increased when she had not come back in time for "luncheon," which was the name they gave to their early dinner.

"When did Mrs. Carter go out?" he asked.

"She went out directly after you did, sir," said the servant. "I thought she had changed her mind and gone to church."

"Oh," said Carter. "Very well. I'll wait."

She entered soon afterwards, and explained that she had had no idea it was so late. "It had occurred to her that a gentle saunter on the Front might do her more good than coddling on the couch, so she had gone out about half an hour ago."

Carter offered no comment on this, but either the servant had made a curious mistake, or his wife was lying. He was taciturn over his after-"luncheon" pipe, and he could not avoid reflecting that he had married a girl of whom he knew very little. A woman's history should be an open book to her husband: what had he seen of Dora's? He had met a stranger at supper one night, talked to her, flirted with her, fallen in love, and married her. Reviewing the courtship, he recognised that he knew scarcely more of her experiences than he had known when he made her acquaintance. He had done an impulsive thing! Happy as he had been hitherto, his action had been rash. Supposing——

But he would not dwell on such terrors! What grounds were there for supposing anything of the kind? His alarm was exaggerating trifles, making a mountain out of a mole-hill. She was devoted to him, positively devoted! Doubtless she had some little innocent secret which he would learn and laugh at before long!

Nevertheless, his wife was absent from the house very often during the next few days, and there was an evening when his anxiety was intensified a thousandfold. They had paid their weekly visit to the theatre, though, for the first time, Dora had been reluctant to go, had argued against going, insisted that the piece—a musical comedy—was dreary rubbish, and that it would be wasting money to see it. Carter held a different view. He reminded her that they patronised other musical comedies, so why not *The Best of All Girls*? In the end he had his way. Catchy songs, chorus girls, and the humours of a low comedian always entertained him, and he would have been well amused on the present occasion but for his wife's discomposure. It was evident that by persuading her to come he had condemned her unwittingly to a severe ordeal. Her voice when she answered him was tremulous, he noticed that the programme shook in her hand. She was frightened! Of what? It could only be of being found out!

Carter's blood ran cold. Her agitation was due to someone behind the footlights. Everything was clear now—on Sunday morning she had gone to meet an actor at the station! Every day she had been meeting him somewhere since! Which was the man?

Outwardly calm, the bank manager sat in his stall with the rage of hell in his heart. Gradually his suspicions concentrated themselves on the Tenor, and to watch the woman's bearing when the Tenor was prominent he kept turning his head to her with some seemingly careless remark. Once he noted a bead of perspiration on her upper lip, but she was so unnerved through the entire performance that it was impossible for him to be really sure which artist's presence on the stage affected her the most.

Presently he realised that he must not let her see she was suspected; to betray any emotion would be to put her on her guard. When they reached home, he burned to seize her by the throat and drag a confession from her, but instead he forced himself to make small talk. He lounged on the hearth, smiling, with his hands in his pockets, and she could not guess how passionately the hands were clenched. Very soon she was saying that she was sleepy, but now he was spurred on by malice, and, pressing her to remain, he found a vindictive pleasure in framing his commonplaces in such a way that answers were required to them.

"It's a capital show," he said, "isn't it?"

"Very," she sighed.

"Which of them did you think played best?"

"Oh, I don't know, really."

"I thought the fellow that played the valet was very funny, didn't you?"

"Oh, yes."

"Funnier than the old man?"

"Oh, well, I didn't care a great deal about either of them."

"I thought you said you did? What was the matter with them?"

"The matter?"

"Weren't they good actors?"

"They were all right."

"Then why didn't you like them; you said you didn't 'care about either of them'?"

"I meant that I didn't feel particularly—— What's the difference?"

"I think it's nice to talk over a performance when one gets back," he said cheerfully. "What did you think of the Tenor, a bit of an ass, wasn't he?"

"Why?" she asked.

"Seemed an affected sort of johnnie to me; he

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A Multiple Personality

ARTURO BERNARDI, THE CHAMPION QUICK-CHANGE ARTIST, AT THE PAVILION

As he First Appears

As Fifi, a Gay Parisienne

As M. Gerolamo, a Rich Provincial

As Zefferino, a Gay Lover

Arturo Bernardi, as Himself

As Achilles, a Carpet-bagger

Life moves quickly nowadays, but nowhere do changes take place with more startling rapidity than in the performance of Arturo Bernardi, the champion quick-change artist who is now appearing at the Pavilion. He presents little farcical comedies, containing as many as nine characters, in which he himself is the sole actor. A moment suffices for a change from a waiter to Fifi, a stylish Parisienne, from a lady to a staid professor, and from professor to policeman, and not the least novel and startling part of his show occurs when by means of a transparent screen he allows you to see his staff of dressers effecting their expeditious transformations. Bernardi had the honour of appearing the other night before T.R.H. the Prince and Princess of Wales at Lord Iveagh's dinner

(*Continued from page 500*)

couldn't act a scrap. I wonder what he gets paid for that sort of thing ? "

" I wonder," she yawned.

" How much should you think ? "

" I've no idea."

" Ten pounds a week ? "

" Perhaps."

" Or not so much ? "

" Perhaps not so much." She got up. " I must really go, dear—I'm so tired I can't keep my eyes open."

When the door closed, Carter mixed a strong whisky and soda, and determined to follow her the next time she left the house. A scandal would not advance him with the Bank, but if his surmise were correct he promised himself the gratification of administering a thrashing at any cost—he would thrash her lover first, and divorce her afterwards ! The difficulty would be to ascertain the moment when she went out.

He stole upstairs a dozen times next morning, but, as if she divined his purpose, she was always discreetly occupied—reading or sewing, a picture of domesticity. In the afternoon, too, he spied upon her without result. Then, about four o'clock, just as he was looking up an account in the outer office, he had a glimpse of his wife passing the window. He sped back to his room, caught up his hat, and reached the pavement before she was out of sight.

Twilight was gathering. She traversed High Street swiftly, and, drawing as close to her as he dared, Carter kept her well in view. At the Quadrant, she forsook the shops, and branched into a quarter that was comparatively strange to him, a quarter monopolised by decayed houses, of which the majority announced " Apartments Furnished." His pulses tingled ; it was here that the professionals found their lodgings. Shabbier and dirtier still grew the houses, and when he was least expecting it, she mounted a flight of steps, and rang the bell.

He stopped short, trembling violently. Where he stood, neither could see the other, but he could detect something in the shape of a sign on the area railings, and felt sure of identifying the house when he proceeded.

After a minute he crept forward. The sign proclaimed that the householder effected " light removals." The doorstep was bare—she had gone in. Carter made a leap, and gave the bell a gentle pull.

A slattern with bare arms inquired his business. Before she could remonstrate he was in the passage.

" I want the lady who just came. Upstairs, or down ? "

" Well, I'm sure—— ! " she began.

" Upstairs, or down ? " demanded Carter imperiously. Then, without waiting for an answer, he flung into the nearest room.

It was a bedroom and parlour combined. His wife was there, shrinking before him. He stood eyeing her, and her companion voicelessly. At last he gasped :

" Mabel ! "

For it was his sister-in-law who was with her. He was too intensely relieved to wonder, in the first moment, why they both showed such consternation.

" Mabel ? " he repeated, open-mouthed.

" Yes, it's m—me," she stammered. " And you m—m—mustn't blame poor Dora, because she can't help having a sister who's a chorus girl ; we've all got to live, and I'm not clever, like her, and I d—d—do what I can ! I'm a good girl, if I *am* in the ch—chorus. And if Dora didn't tell you what I was, it was only because she knew you'd think it a d—d—disgrace."

" Disgrace ? " cried Carter. " What, you're one of the Chorus in *The Best of All Girls* ? We saw the show the other night, and I never recognised you ! "

" I was so afraid you would ! " moaned his wife. " I was afraid you would, directly she wrote that the Company was coming down here."

" The gentleman will be good enough to hunderstand," exclaimed the lady, appearing on the threshold, " that I cannot 'ave such himpudent hintrusions ! I never saw the like ! "

" That's all right, madam," said Carter gaily. " Very sorry to have offended you, I'm sure ! This lady and I have called to ask your lodger to come and stay with us, that's all. Mabel, go and put on your hat ! "

LEONARD MERRICK.

AN EARLY MORNING LAMENT

In winter, as the dullest may remark,
The nights are long, the days are short and dark.
My tortoise, realizing such a law,
Crawls to his soap-box, burrows in the straw,
And all unconscious sleeps his time away
From mid November to the dawn of May.
Not so with me ! I daily wake to hear
Familiar noises grate upon my ear.

* * * *

The tuneful sweep is early on the scene
In search of chimneys, like himself, unclean.
The rattling cans emit their babel sound
As speeds the morning milkman on his round,
And, as half waking, half asleep I lie
And hear now one and now the other cry,
The drowsy hand-maid beats upon the door
And sets the shaving water on the floor.
I have to rise ; the time has come at last
When I must face the chill, suburban blast ;
And with what decent haste I may assume
I huddle on my clothes and quit the room.

* * * *

Thus ready for the duties of the day,
Downstairs where breakfast waits I grope my way,
Observing how in melancholy state
The bloater lies congealing on the plate.
The morning paper there awaits me, too,
Filled with depressing news, perhaps untrue,
Yet none the less depressing to a mind
Already somewhat gloomily inclined.
On ev'ry page the unwilling reader sees
Details of some astonishing disease
And learns how many ailments are his own
Till then unfeared, unthought of, and unknown.
In spite of very natural disgust
He reads in full—and reads because he must—
The comprehensive catalogue of ills
Cured by the use of thaumaturgic pills !

* * * *

My breakfast over, to the Tube I fare
And mingle with a hundred others there.
The train is full and I am forced perhaps
To cling to one of the depending straps,
Or if by chance I find a vacant seat
The later comers stand upon my feet.
Arrived at Oxford Circus I emerge
With other fellow-sufferers and surge
Along a draughty passage and make shift
To fight my way into the crowded lift.
"No smoking, please," the attendant supplicates,
"Stand clear," he drones politely, "of the gates."
The ascent is checked, the light of outer day
Thereafter shines on my accustomed way
Until I reach my ultimate retreat
And there resume my quill and wonted seat.

HANSARD WATT.

A Day with the Woodland Pytchley

Mr. W. M. Wroughton, the Master

J. Isaacs, the Huntsman, with the Hounds

On the extreme left is Sir A. de Capel Brooke, and, on the right, Capt. C. A. Pelham, secretary of the Pytchley Hunt
Meet of the Woodland Pytchley Hounds at Crawford

Photos *Graphic Photo Union*

At the Wood: Mr. J. S. Lloyd in the foreground Mr. Steel and Mr. Gardiner Muir

The Woodland Pytchley Hounds are among the best in the kingdom. Mr. W. M. Wroughton purchased the pack some years ago for £3,000, and has strengthened it considerably

Golf Notes and Notions

The Congestion Problem at St. Andrews

Renewed interest has lately been aroused in this question by the reports of negotiations between Mr. Cheape, the owner of the desired Tom Tiddler's ground, and a private syndicate of golfers, with the Town Council skirmishing discreetly in the rear. The ground on which it is proposed, somewhat vaguely, it is true, to lay out a new course, lies on the other side of the railway as you go out, and stretches, roughly speaking, from the shepherd's cottage near the fifteenth hole, right up to the Eden. Whether a good course could be laid out on this stretch of land, I am unable to say, as even my Sunday peregrinations to St. Andrews have not been so venturesome as to include this sort of "no man's land." But apparently, if the reports are accurate, Willie Auchterlonie has inspected the ground, and has declared that a good course could be laid out.

A Warning

So far, the negotiations seem to be at a standstill, and I seize the opportunity of raising a warning voice against what appears to me a monumental piece of folly. I refer to the proposal to create a private course open only to the members of the new association, or club, or whatever name may be taken, and their friends. It would be a thousand pities that money should be wasted on such a foolish enterprise. Who in the world is likely to want to play on a course whose starting point would be a great deal further off the club-house and town than even the first teeing ground of the new course? Crowded as the old and new courses may be in summer, it is fairly safe to say that nine out of ten men would prefer to take their chance of a game on them rather than painfully march out to the solitary dulness of the private course.

A Future Contingency

What is more, I think that the acquisition of this ground would deal a very heavy blow to any possible policy which the town authorities will be forced, sooner or later, to carry out for the purpose of relieving the summer congestion which is doing such grievous harm to St. Andrews. Bearing in mind the history of the acquisition of the new course by the town, it is fairly evident that Parliament will always be in favour of municipal as against private rights. Therefore, I hold it is much better for private syndicates to "bide a wee" and see what the town mean to do.

A Comprehensive Policy Needed

But whatever be the outcome of this St. Andrews "back to the land" problem, it may be taken as a root factor of the situation that nothing useful can be done in any direction against congestion without the imposition of a tariff on the old course. The problem should not be attacked piecemeal, but as a whole. The Town Council ought to move in agreement with the Royal and Ancient Club, and draw up a comprehensive scheme for submission to Parliament. Such a comprehensive scheme ought to provide for the abolition of the present ladies' putting course, for the remodelling of the new course so as to make it start on the club side of the burn, for the improvement of the Jubilee Course, and for a new course on the ground which the syndicate covet. Concurrently, power should be acquired from Parliament for putting a tariff on any of the courses controlled by the town and Club, severe in summer and mild at other seasons, while either the Jubilee or the new course on the other side of the railway should be given to the ladies on the understanding that during the summer months neither they nor children should be allowed to play on either the old or new course.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

Photo] **The Most Famous Course in the World: A general view of the St. Andrews Links** [*Hamilton*

In the above article Mr. Ernest Lehmann deals with the problem of the congestion of the course during the summer months

By Field, Stream & Covert.

Photo *Bassano*

The Suffolk Hounds and their Master, Mr. R. Guy Everard, who is taking the West Kent Country Next Season

The Pytchley Woodlands

Whyte-Melville declared that the Pytchley woodlands were the best in England. Once outside the chain, and the country is an ideal one for the bold horseman. They do not get such big fields with the Woodland pack as with the Pytchley proper; but Mr. W. M. Wroughton does the whole thing splendidly, and has such a beautiful pack that a day with these hounds is never wasted. The Woodland Pytchley is quite independent of the parent pack, with the exception that its Masters are nominated by the Master of the Pytchley Hunt when a vacancy occurs, and he retains the right to use certain coverts during the cub-hunting season. Years ago the Master of the Pytchley always found the Woodland country more or less of a burden, and the establishment of a separate pack in 1874 greatly lightened his labours. Lord Spencer, Captain Pennell Elmhirst (the ever readable "Brooksby"), Lord Lonsdale, and Mr. Austin Mackenzie have been among the Masters of the Woodland Pytchley. The last-named kept office longest, being in command for fourteen seasons. He bred a magnificent pack that fetched £5,000 on his retirement, the dog-hounds going to the Duke of Beaufort, while Mr. W. M. Wroughton (who at that time was hunting the parent pack) bought the bitches for £3,000. He lent them to Lord Southampton and his brother-in-law, Mr. W. de P. Cazenove, when they had the country, and then, in 1903, he took over the Mastership himself, and has easily maintained the high reputation which he won with the Pytchley. The hounds are just as good as they were

Photo *Hare*

The Cattistock Hounds Meet at Upwey. The Rev. E. A. Milne hunts this pack conjointly with Mr. W. F. Fuller

A Meet of the East Sussex Hunt

Photo *Bassano*

Standing (left to right): Mr. H. Papillon, The Russian Ambassador (Count Benckendorff), Mr. R. Stent, Mr. A. Barry, Mr. E. P. B. Marrall, Mr. M. Wildish, Mr. J. Garman, Mr. Woodruffe, Mr. H. Simmonds, Mr. H. Tape, The Rev. Mr. Sturt, The Hon. T. A. Brassey (ex-Master), Mr. E. T. Lamber, Mr. A. Wallace, Mr. A. Parks, Mr. C. Hobden, Mr. Woodcock, Mr. H. Were, Mr. W. M. Were

Sitting (left to right): Miss C. Egerton, Miss Woodruffe, Sir Anchitel Ashburnham-Clement (Hon. Sec.), Mr. A. Neven Du Mont (the Master), Lady Ashburnham-Clement, Hon. Mrs. Egerton, Lady Idina Brassey, Mrs. Neven Du Mont, Mr. C. A. Egerton (ex-Master), Baroness Von Roemer, Miss V. Lambert, Mrs. Mair, Mr. H. H. Bridges. *In front:* Miss Egerton

A REPRESENTATIVE GATHERING OF THE MEMBERS OF THE EAST SUSSEX HUNT AT A RECENT MEET AT BEXHILL

in Mr. Mackenzie's days, for Mr. Wroughton is a skilful and patient breeder, and one of the best judges that ever officiated at the Peterborough Show.

Hunting Humours

Joint-masterships are sometimes not without their little humours. In a certain famous country, long reigned over and hunted by a celebrated amateur, the responsibilities of the office of Master were shared, for a season, by a desperately keen young man who was inclined to despise as "slow" the methods of his experienced compeer. True to his sworn intention of "waking things up a bit," the new Joint-master hunted the pack twice a week or so himself. Once as he galloped hither and thither blowing his horn in an attempt to pick up the line, he could see the well-known portly figure of the senior Master waiting and watching in the road, an amused little smile lurking about the corners of his mouth. There was nothing for it but to throw open the gate leading into the road and hazard a reluctant inquiry as to whether this silent observer could throw any light on the situation, and a hundred of the smart field, pressing behind, listened for the voice of the expert with a little hush of expectancy. In clear and audible tones he volunteered authoritatively the desired information:—"*Both* your *hares* have gone over the road about five minutes ago!" he said, sweetly, and the titter of his field did not tend to soothe the man who was endeavouring to "stir up things" for them.

Game Cock

One of the best of the Ribblesdale Buckhounds' pack which Lord Ribblesdale and Mr. Peter Ormrod hunt in Lancashire

Photos *Sport and General*

Mr. Rowland Ingram Robinson, Hon. Sec. of the Ribblesdale Hunt

Mr. Vanderbilt on the Brighton Road

Will the example of Mr. Alfred G. Vanderbilt in putting the "Venture" on the Brighton road bring about a revival of stage-coaching? Already I hear of several sportsmen who are determined not to let our American visitor have all the "limelight." I am told that we may expect a new coach on the Guildford road, and it will be surprising if Mr. John Thompson does not appear prominently on the scene during the season, as the rivalry between him and Mr. Vanderbilt is very keen. It arose out of the International Show at Olympia, where Mr. Vanderbilt's crack team of greys beat Mr. Thompson's beautiful black-browns after a most interesting struggle. Personally, I thought the verdict was open to question. My opinion was that the English team were the better-matched four, and I didn't quite like the appearance of bearing-reins on the American lot. Still, the greys were immensely powerful and workmanlike. Mr. Thompson is an extraordinarily fine whip, and a noted judge of horses. For years he has put together magnificent studs for the coaching season, and he, if any man could, might bring a coach on to the Brighton road to compare with Mr. Vanderbilt's.

Coaching and Motoring

Most of us would like to see a revival of coaching on the English roads. In pace, of course, four-in-hand driving cannot hope to compare with motoring, but there is about it a picturesque touch and a flavour of the good old days which the more modern means of progression can never possess. The motor easily outdistances the four-in-hand in the matter of the ground it covers, and in many ways is more convenient, but the coach remains the ideal way for seeing the beauties of rural England for those to whom rapidity is not the primary consideration. Who fails to admire a handsome team as it is driven in full swing along the road, the four horses moving like one? Who fails to turn with a look of pleasant expectation when the musical sound of the coach-horn is heard? With what different feelings are we placed on the *qui vive* when the harsh hooter or raucous horn of the motor-car assails the ear. I am as keen on motoring as most people, and appreciate its advantages; but that does not prevent me from keeping a warm corner in my heart for coaching, and I hope to see the day when the stage-coaches will be as numerous as they were twenty years ago. A wild hope maybe. But stage-coaching revived in a very remarkable way after the construction of railways had threatened to kill it for ever. And it may revive again. The popularity of the four-in-hand classes at Olympia last year, and the deep interest with which the judging was followed, showed that coaching has not lost its fascination for the average Englishman. The chief difficulty which coaching people will have to encounter in future is not the competition of the motor-car, but the extraordinary increase in the electric tramway system, which is, in all directions, ruining the roads for four-in-hand driving.

A. W. C.

THE LIBRARY

By VIVIAN CARTER

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

"Their Marriage." By Curtis Yorke. (Long: 6s.)

"Her Besetting Virtue." By Mary Stuart Boyd. (Hodder: 6s.)

"Joseph Redhorn." By J. J. Bell. (Hodder: 5s.)

Who Wrote "The Lord of Latimer Street?"

The mystery of the identity of Miss Jane Wardle thickens. Last week, at Terry's, was produced a play called *The Lord of Latimer Street*, which was, of course, the same story as that contained in Miss Wardle's recent novel of that name. But the play is announced as by "Oliver Madox Hueffer"—there is no acknowledgment whatever of Miss Wardle. There is no need for me to take up the cudgels on her behalf. She is, as I have reason to know, well able to take care of herself. I still remember the scathing letter written on her behalf, curiously enough, by the same Mr. Hueffer, protesting against the slighting allusions to her Christian name which I made in the process of doubting her existence. It does, however, seem to me a little unjust to his lady friend and client for Mr. Hueffer to write a play on her book without acknowledging the source of his inspiration. Unless, of course, it was *his* inspiration first. Perhaps he thought of it as a play, and asked Miss Wardle to do it as a book? Or could Miss Wardle have gone into his study in the dead of night and——. But, no! The thought of her name, the name of which she is so justly proud, dispels the suspicion of any such unseemly conduct. Both Miss Wardle and Mr. Hueffer are, I am sure, beyond reproach, but I should really like to know which of the two first thought of that good young landlord who immured himself in his own slums—but didn't marry the girl.

Photo *Gabell*

Mr. Oliver Madox Hueffer

Author of the play, *The Lord of Latimer Street*, produced at Terry's last week. The novel of the same name is by "Jane Wardle," whose identity is still "wropt in mystery"

* * *

Novels and Influenza: A Protest

As there is a good deal of unsavoury sentiment and morbid infatuation in the world, I suppose one must not complain that stories are written about it. But I do grumble, and rather hoarsely, that they are published at the influenza season, when it is just touch and go whether one succumbs. If an author deliberately wanted to predispose one to the disease, he could not have used more effective material than has Mr. Randall Charlton in *The Virgin Widow* (Methuen: 6s.) Take a batch of the most unlovely, and unloveable, people you can think of, and make them fall in love with each other in the nastiest of possible ways. A grey, colourless neurotic of thirty loved by a sulky nonentity with a game leg! There's a cheery theme for your attention! Make the woman as dowdy and as dreary as possible, and hungry with passion for a man who loves somebody else, and keep the game-leg waiting for the greater part of the book. Have some villainous blackmailer in the background murdered, and let the heroine, to save the man she loves from the charge, paint and frowse herself to look like a harlot, and swear, in Court, that the man was with her the whole night of the crime! Her "heroism" having been thus established, kill her horribly—let her die in a delirium of a fever, "rocking my baby! Oh, my God! My baby that will never be born!" But to crest this edifice of horror, look at this final scene. Salome's embrace of the Baptist's severed skull is *Home-Chatty* by comparison. Salome enjoyed one frenzied salute of the dead. Our hero here makes impassioned love throughout the night to the corpse of his beloved. "All lips were made to kiss something; mine, perhaps, to sob on Ann's cold bosom—gentle feet, the placid hands. I wept warmth upon the frozen eyelids and peered long into the darkness beneath . . . . in her soft hair I dried my tears. She was my bride now, and this her marriage bed." And so on. I suppose there is an idea here, of some power. The man robbed of his love during life, claiming her as his bride in death, is a theme that might have possessed one poet with one paroxysm. But one is inclined to wonder what manner of man it is who could make it the climax of a novel. To work up the fabric of a story in full foreknowledge of such a *dénouement* demands a perseverance in nastiness which is remarkable and, I sincerely hope, rare.

* * *

The Censor: Where he is really needed

Such books as this tend to lessen my sympathy with the authors who, last week, unsuccessfully waited on Mr. Gladstone to induce him to abolish the Play Censor. I am disposed to wish that there could also be a Novel Censor. But a lot depends on how he construes his duties. Neither a play nor a book should be black-listed because it touches rationally on sex problems. Real passion in conflict with law and custom is a theme of perennial interest—it is a battle which we must ever face and fight. No Censor should come between the public and the truth about this ever-recurrent problem. But the public should be protected from work which, without purpose, merely invites attention to sex aberrations and abnormal infatuations. These may exist; but they should be no more allowed in the public eye than are the physical monsters, replicas of which the student may see in the surgical museums.

"Their Marriage"

After such, the most ordinary of ordinary love stories, comes as an exhilarating relief. *Their Marriage*, by Curtis Yorke (Long, 6s.), is a bright and very readable little story. Dennis and Jessamine, cousins, are endowed, by a maternal aunt, with a substantial income, which is dependent on their *not* marrying each other. (Why is it only in fiction that people have such admirable aunts? How many there are whom one would be only too glad to refrain from marrying if it were made worth one's while). As it happens, these two young people haven't the faintest desire to marry—nothing further from their thoughts. But when the young man sees somebody else after the young woman, something happens. He changes his mind and proposes, and she hers, and accepts, and they do marry. Aunt, of course, withdraws income, and they have to rough it. Later on, however, aunt relents, and takes her niece into her favour, but does not remember her in her will. Whereat Jessamine becomes wicked, and does something she ought not to have done with the offending testament. And so on. Plenty of incident, it will be seen, told in Curtis Yorke's brightest and best manner, about pleasant people, young and old, who have their follies and their failings, but are never unpleasant.

Photo *Graphic Photo Union*

Abolish the Censor?

Mr. Pinero and Mr. Comyns Carr leaving the Home Office after the interview with Mr. Gladstone. The reader will note the night bell on the right. So much of the dramatist's work is done in London by night, that it is handy to be able to get at Mr. Redford, on points of purity and propriety, at all hours

* * *

"Which?" by Edith Nowell

Mr. John Ouseley, one of the newest of publishers, is evidently a generous, large-hearted man, especially towards the literary efforts of the young. "*Which?*" one of the novels he sends me, is one of the most deliciously youthful, ingenuous stories it has been my pleasure to read. Two boys, ostensibly twins, are born to the heir of an elderly Scottish earl. They grow up ignorant which of them is the elder, and, therefore, the heir. Any ignorance on their part, however, is not shared by the reader, who knows almost as soon as he meets the young men that the real, true heir is Ronald, the quiet, honest fellow, who "loves his mother's memory," not Hector, the fast, profane, cigarette-smoking spendthrift. When Hector, in his ungrammatical anxiety to know which of the two really *is* the "eldest," bounces into the quiet home of the bad old earl's retired retainer (Jessop), and, to extract from him the needed information, hits on the happy idea of throttling him, the reader is more and more convinced of Ronald's rightfulness. He knows that Miss Nowell (not being a Prime Minister) will draw the line at conferring a Peerage on such a ruffian as Hector. Even when Hector coolly takes possession of the title and fortune (there are no lawyers in particular in the story) the reader resolutely refuses to believe he will be allowed to retain it. Nor is he. Good Colonel Revell takes the helpless, but heroic Ronnie in hand and secures his rights. For he is of course, the heir. I feel sure Miss Nowell has the makings of a successful, popular novelist. She has the faculty of labelling her characters so that their heroism or villainy is never from the first in a second's doubt. When her people are good, they are very, very good; when they are bad, they are horrid. If she can only continue to remain young, to keep her technique just so-so, and to acquire an obsession or two (religious or occult), and an animus (political or social) she may yet outvie Marie Corelli. V. C.

Author (unknown) marked with a cross — Mr. J. M. Barrie and Mr. Henry James marked with crosses — Author (unknown) marked with a cross

(*Other authors in background not marked with crosses, but decidedly cross*)

The Clamour for the Head of the Censor on a Charger

Authors coming out of the Home Office after the interview with the great Mr. Gladstone

The Grand Duchess Anastasia, of Mecklenburg Schwerin, who opened the new Cannes Lawn Tennis Club, serving
The Grand Duchess is playing with the racket presented to her Royal Highness by Lord Brougham and Vaux, at the request of Mr. C. S. Letts, the founder of the club

LAWN TENNIS

The New Cannes Club

The Kaiser does not monopolise all the talents in the German Royal family. The mother of the Crown Princess, the Grand Duchess Anastasia of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, is nothing if not versatile. A few days ago, motoring straight from the golf links at La Napoule, she visited the new lawn tennis club at Cannes, formally opened this latest addition to Riviera arenas for the universal game, and then, clad in a skirt that would scarcely have done for Wimbledon, played two hard sets before the interested gaze of three hundred fashionable onlookers. I confess I did not know which to admire the more—the Grand Duchess's pluck in running after balls in a costume which must have seriously impeded her movements or the skill of her partner, Mr. R. F. Doherty, in steering her Serene Highness to the winning post, or, at any rate, to that point where a "tie" was proclaimed. Mr. Doherty, fresh from golfing triumphs (he won the Gordon Bennett Cup on the Cannes links), seems quite to have recovered both his health and his racket form, and with his brother, the incomparable "H. L.," is to appear in the South of France Championships beginning at Nice on March 9. There is a cup in waiting for the brothers here—I wonder whether they can find space for it in that trophy-laden flat near the Albert Hall.

Grand Duke Michael | Countess Anastasia Torby | Mr. Frederick Walker, M.V.O.

Some Distinguished Spectators

Grand Duchess Anastasia

Grand Duchess George of Russia | Princess Stephanie

Photos *Wallis Myers*

A Royal Group at Tea

The Grand Duchess, who is the mother of the German Crown Princess, after performing the opening ceremony, played in a Doubles' games with R. F. Doherty against Countess Schulenberg and G. M. Simond

A Small Book with a Lot In It

A useful addition to the literature of lawn tennis is Ayres' Lawn Tennis Almanack, 1908, which is published by the well-known firm of lawn tennis implement manufacturers of that name, and edited by Mr. Wallis Myers, who, as he enjoys the advantage of being a capable player of the game about which he writes, is quite at home with, and does ample justice to, his subject. The book is mainly statistical, and therein lies its chief value. Specially useful will be found the scores of the level events at all the principal meetings last year both at home and abroad, for it is many years since these have been collected in such a handy form. The Rules of the Lawn Tennis Association, Laws of the Game, and Regulations for the management of tournaments, are also given, and the more solid portions of the work are pleasantly lightened by a series of short articles, several of which are from the pen of the editor himself, and by some thirty or forty well-chosen illustrations. Another interesting feature is a series of about fifty "Bijou Biographies" (in the "Who's Who" style) of leading players and persons connected with the game; and altogether the book is well worth the shilling which is charged for it.

GOLF

The Giving of Short Putts at Golf

Without wishing in any way to encroach upon the domain of my colleague, Mr. Ernest Lehmann, I should like to accord my approval of the view recently expressed by *Golf Illustrated* that the practice

SCENES AT THE OPENING OF THE NEW CANNES LAWN TENNIS AND CROQUET CLUB

of giving short putts in match play at golf is beginning to be abused. It has always seemed to me somewhat anomalous that an essentially strict game like golf should have been made, by a sort of convention, to relax so much of its strictness when matters reach the important stage of holing out, and the anomaly is, if anything, accentuated by the fact that the convention is held to be admissible when the scoring is by holes, but not when it is by strokes. When every stroke counts it is, of course, essential that every stroke should be played, but it may be said with equal truth that where every hole counts every hole ought to be played out. It is doubtless very convenient — especially in these days of hustle—that a short putt which cannot be missed should be taken as made. But there is always the question—What is a short putt that cannot be missed? One-foot putts are missed sometimes, two-foot putts often, by golfers of average ability, and yet nowadays it is not an uncommon thing for players to give, and expect to be given, putts up to three feet and even more. This not only robs the game of its reality, but tends to lead to unpleasantness; for players insensibly come to regard as a right a thing which is really only a favour, and to resent being called upon to hole out anything which is within three feet of the hole. I agree with the *dictum* of *Golf Illustrated*—"Let every ball be holed out." But if the practice of giving short putts has become too ingrained to be ineradicable let us at least bar the leading question (or its equivalent)—"Do you want me to hole out?" In other words, let the favour remain, but let it be one that must not be expected or solicited, and let every man when he is on the green be prepared to hole out, or to try and hole out, every putt unless and until his opponent says—"I give you that."

The Centre of Attraction: The Water Jump

Monckton gets an involuntary dip. The point of vantage most favoured by spectators at the Eton College Steeplechases was not the winning post, but the water jump, unholy joy being manifested when competitors got a cold ducking

CROSS COUNTRY

The National Next Saturday

For the National Cross Country Championship which is to be run next Saturday over Newbury Race-course, there is a record entry of twenty-five teams, of which the Birchfield Harriers (the present holders) and the Highgate Harriers (Southern champions) are most fancied to win. After his recent Southern victory, scored under most trying conditions, J. E. Deakin stands a good chance of being first man home; others in the running are A. J. Robertson (Birchfield). W. T. Clarke (Sefton), G. Pearce (Highgate), T. Johnston (Highgate), and W. Coales (Thrapston). A. Underwood (Birchfield), who finished first last year, is not running.

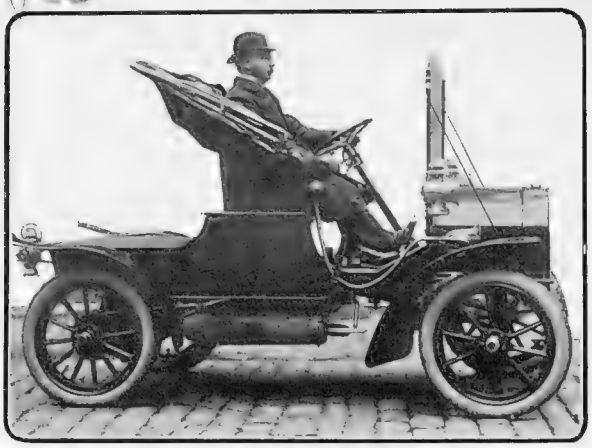
Photos *Illustrations Bureau*

The Eton College Steeplechases: Some of the juniors after finishing

Seventy-four boys took part in the last week's steeplechases, one being open to the "School," and the other to "juniors." Several of our coming peers took part, and though in this case "the Commons prevailed," there was an excellent fight to which the bedraggled appearance of the competitors testifies. Among the competitors were the Earl of Lisburne and Viscount Carlton, heir of the Earl of Wharncliff. The latter is lying exhausted on the ground in the centre of the above photograph

Automobile Topics

By COMYNS BEAUMONT



A Purchaser of a 10 h.-p. Adams ("Pedals to Push") driving his car away from the showroom

The purchaser (a Mr. Ritchie) had never driven a car before, yet the ease of control enabled him to drive the car with confidence through the traffic

Mr. Asquith's views regarding the taxation of motor-cars do not appear to be any more pleasant after a further week's consideration of them. "If you tax them (i.e. motors) as luxuries," said the Chancellor of the Exchequer to the Motor Union deputation, "there is no reason why the money should go to the roads." Incidentally, it may here be remarked that the Motor Union disputed that all owners of cars kept them as luxuries, many persons, such as doctors, using them for business purposes. But even if motor-cars are classed as luxuries, Mr. Joynson-Hicks, the chairman of the Union, reminded Mr. Asquith that the motorist generally paid his quota towards the upkeep of the roads as a ratepayer, and income tax to boot.

* * *

But no amount of reason is likely to impress Mr. Asquith, who sees a chance of netting further sums from the long-suffering persons who make for the wealth of the country. Presumably motorists will be called upon to pay a carriage license as before, plus a new tax for owning a car, in addition to the rising local rates for the maintenance of the roads. The householder non-motorist will have also to pay the higher local rates, and the motorist will incur fresh odium for being the cause of the greater expense in road upkeep, his own payments in the shape of this needed tax being earmarked for a purpose entirely foreign to the matter. Mr. Asquith's excuse about the expense of collection falling on the Treasury is all moonshine. Whatever there may *not* be in this country, there is all the paraphernalia ready to hand for collecting taxes.

* * *

The motor trade is suffering now from a general stagnation of business, and though, probably, an additional tax will not affect the rich man, it will have its influence on the prospective owner of the small car. Two guineas here, another two or three guineas there, with high rates, tend to make a poor man think twice before he embarks on the career of being a car owner, and, therefore, apart from anything else, Mr. Asquith will be placing a new restriction on the motor industry, which can ill afford it. The Motor Union are sending out petition forms, which may be obtained on application at the Union Offices, 1, Albemarle Street, and I earnestly exhort every ratepayer, motorist or not, to sign the petition. After touching on the subject of road traffic and the inability of local authorities to maintain the roads in a satisfactory state without placing an undue burden on the local rates, the petitioners pray "that all moneys derived from the taxation of motor and other vehicles using the roads, shall be paid into a central fund and distributed as grants-in-aid to local authorities for the purpose of expenditure on the highways of the country." A copy of this petition may be signed at this office by any readers who are disposed to call for that purpose.

Car-icature—No. LXIV. : Mr. J. T. C. Moore-Brabazon

"Brab.," as he is known to his intimates, has made a name for himself as one of our most daring and skilful drivers, and is a familiar figure at Brooklands. He is associated with Mr. Warwick Wright in the sale of Minerva Cars. An ardent aeronaut, and a student of the aeroplane, he is fully convinced that the era of air-travel is near at hand

(By Alick P. F. Ritchie)

* * *

It is satisfactory to note that the new 14-16 h.-p. Argyll car is catching on very well, orders being numerous. A good many additional hands have been taken on at the Alexandra works, and overtime is being worked.

* * *

Car-icature—No. LXIV. : Mr. J. T. C. Moore-Brabazon

Although among the younger generation of automobilists, Mr. J. T. C. Moore-Brabazon, who is caricatured this week, is by no means the least distinguished. On the Brooklands track at Weybridge in particular, and in many general, open, and club contests "Brab," as he is known among his familiar friends, has made a name for himself as a dashing and skilful driver, who knows no fear and who knows also how to give and take the gentle courtesies of the road. His early love in automobiles was the chaste Minerva, and although for a brief period he flirted with another car of French make, he has returned to his old flame,

Radiol.

RADIOL TREATMENT *prolongs the life of a Horse's Legs. Completely removes by radiation all soft swellings that disfigure and lame a Horse, as Sprained Tendons, Windgalls, Bog Spavins, Capped Elbow, Big Leg, Enlarged Glands, &c.*

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"The Field," June 16, 1906:—

"We have been able to test some trial bottles of 'RADIOL' in cases of Wind-galls, Splints, and Puffy Swellings, and have found 'RADIOL' to be very beneficial, and we have also found it useful as a leg wash for polo ponies after a day's play."

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is probably a good instrument. In quality and tone it is probably quite satisfactory. And no doubt it is a handsome ornament to your home. But can you play it? Can you play it whenever you wish to? Can you play all the music that appeals to you?

The value of your piano to you is exactly measured by the amount of music you are able to produce from it.

Would not the Pianola Piano be of far greater value to you?

Why not exchange your piano for the Pianola Piano? We will allow you full value.

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is the instrument which simplifies piano-playing to the utmost possible degree. It makes the production of music so easy that anyone can play any kind of music, from musical comedies to the works of the great masters.

In appearance, it is about the same as your piano, and it can be played by hand as your piano can. But in its case, it contains the Pianola and the Metrostyle and the Themodist.

The Pianola gives you note perfection.

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The Themodist accents the melody notes above the accompaniment, giving them their true value.

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Mr. Lisle on his Star Car

In consequence of an accident, Mr. Lisle has for two years past been unable to drive his car himself. This photograph was taken on the first occasion on which he was again able to be at the wheel

and recently became associated with Mr. Warwick Wright at the Minerva emporium in High Street, Marylebone. Mr. Moore-Brabazon is an active member of the Aero Club, and has made many excursions into the higher mysteries of the atmosphere in the old ballooning days. Now he is an ardent student of the aeroplane, and answers readily and firmly in the affirmative whenever sceptics put the querulous query "Shall we EVER be able to fly"?

* * *

Miscellanea

The band of H.M. Coldstream Guards, conducted by Lieut. Mackenzie Rogan, will be one of the attractions at the Automobile Association's Third Annual Dinner, which will take place at the Hotel Cecil, on March 18. Many theatrical and musical celebrities have already promised to take part in the entertainment following the banquet, and tickets are by way of reaching a premium.

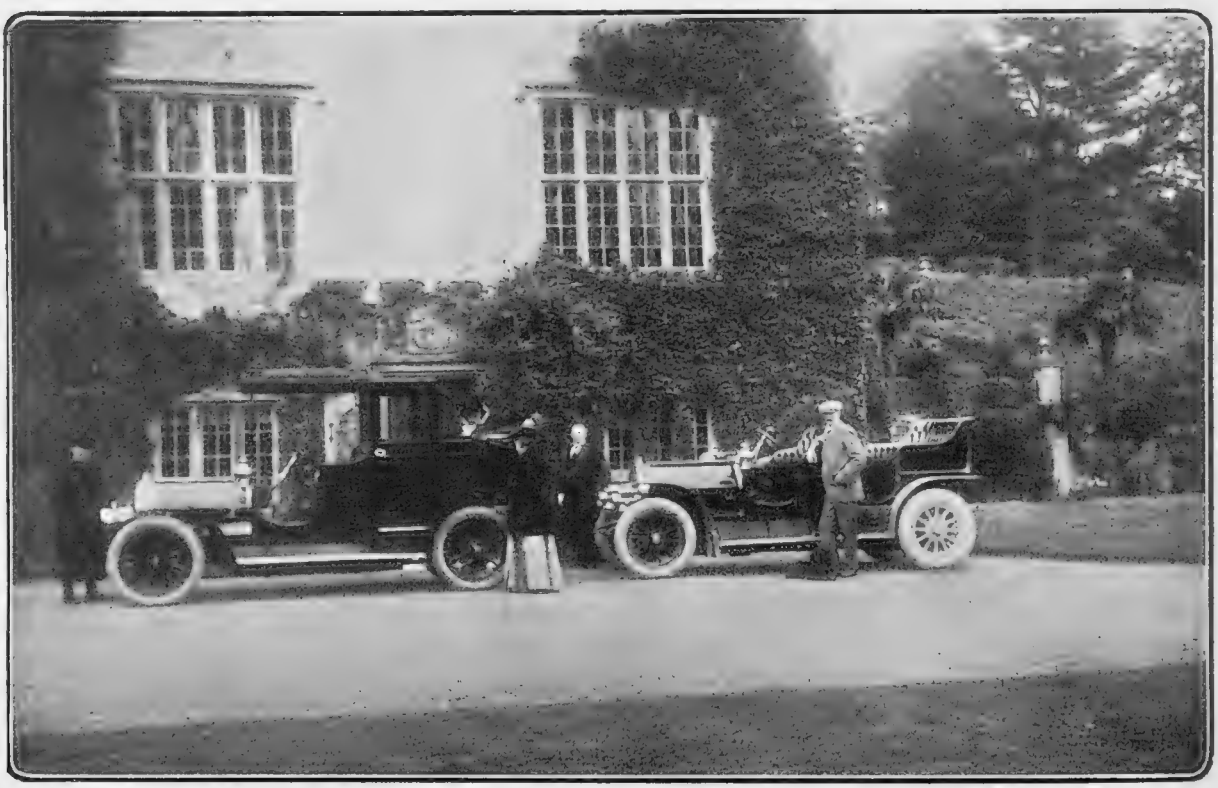
Mr. M. Alder, the well-known Humber agent in Amsterdam, reports huge business in the famous British cars in Holland. One of his patrons, Mr. J. L. Pierson, writes that he cannot say too much about the 30 h.-p. Beeston Humber which Mr. Alder supplied. "She goes splendidly," is his terse comment.

The Avon India Rubber Company, Ltd., of Melksham, Wilts, have sent us a very nicely got-up little brochure on the important subject of the care of tyres. The booklet may be obtained on application to the firm.

Rolls-Royce Ltd., have just received a cable from Bombay from Mr. F. J. Norbury, the owner of a 40-50 h.-p. six-cylinder Rolls-Royce car, known as "The Pearl of the East," to the effect that he has been successful with this car in winning the annual Reliability Trial of the Motor Union of Western India (Bombay—Kholapur), having completed the whole distance of 620 miles without a single involuntary stop. The car only used three-quarters of a gallon of oil throughout the trial, which included climbing six lots of mountain passes (The Ghats), having a total rise of 5,000ft.

The five world's records recently made at Brooklands by the 60-h.-p. six-cylinder Napier, driven by Mr. F. Newton, were made on Pratt's Motor Spirit.

USE CARBURINE MOTOR SPIRIT.—For particulars apply to THE G. L. I. COMPANY, LTD., 7, Bishopsgate Street Without, London, E.C. Telegrams: "Carburine, London." Telephone No.: 4452 London Wall.



Mr. C. J. Lucas with his two 25-30 h.-p. Maudslay Cars at his residence, Warnham Court, Horsham

Humber

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Gilbert Beale, Esq., of Stoneydeep House, Teddington, S.W., writes:

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The Awakening of the Rock Garden

The rock-garden, is at this season, often the most interesting part of the grounds, and a stream or a pond adds greatly to its charms. Some Alpines are already in flower, and others are coming on. The rapidity with which this class of plants bursts into flower as soon as frost has gone is astonishing. It is a habit which they have acquired after living, for countless generations, in a climate with a summer so short that, if they did not grow, flower and seed in haste, they would long ago have been swept out of existence. Though the habit is no longer useful to them in this country, they still retain it, and beautify our gardens at a time when flowers are scarce. Late in the season as it is, they may still be planted if desired, especially with soil attached to them, but the roots should be sunk as deep as possible, so that they may not be dried up by the sun. The new double white arabis is charming for rock-work, while the crimson Fire King is certainly the best of the aubrietias. The dwarf phloxes should not be forgotten. There are many different varieties, all of them beautiful, which flower for a long time. Many of the campanulas, too, of creeping habit—for example, carpatica, garganica, and turbinata—never show to more advantage than they do when hanging down over rocks.

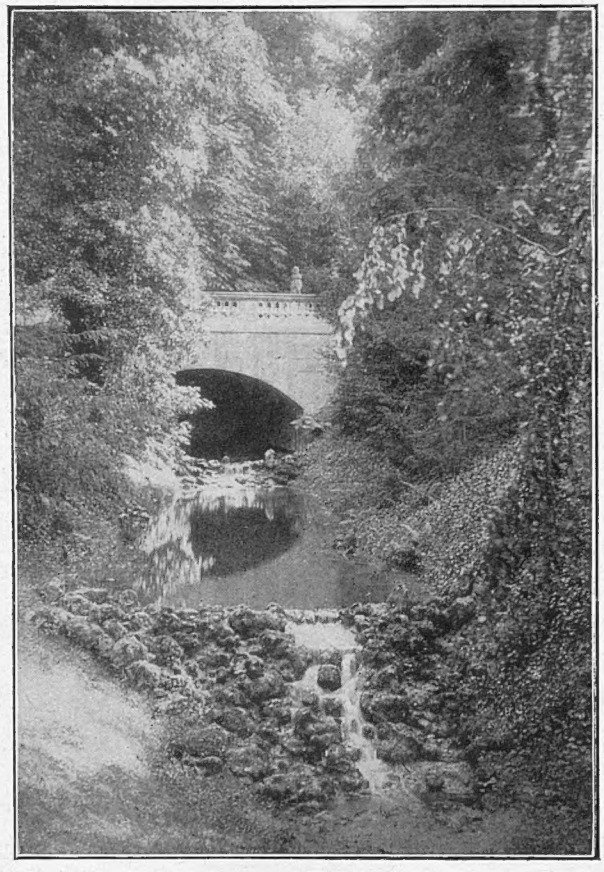

Photo *Newman*

The Beauties of a Rock Garden

A charming scene in the grounds of Aston Clinton House, Tring, the residence of Louisa, Lady Rothschild

Starting Begonias and Other Tubers

Begonia tubers which have been resting in sand during the winter may now be started. The best way to do this is to pack them closely in a box of cocoanut fibre, with their crowns just showing above the surface, and to rest the box on a couple of bricks laid on the hot-water pipes. While the fibre should never be perfectly dry, it should not on any account be wet. If dormant tubers are exposed to much moisture they are certain to decay. After they begin to grow it is different. A slight spraying occasionally is all that should be necessary, especially if a sheet of glass is laid over the box to check evaporation. But in this case it should be removed as soon as growth commences. When the shoots are about half an inch long the tubers should be lifted out of the box, with any fibre adhering to their roots, and transferred singly to well-drained pots two-thirds full of light, rich soil, in which they should be sunk until they (not the shoots) are just covered. As growth proceeds, more soil should be added until the pots are filled, and when the plants are moved into larger pots the tubers should be sunk still deeper. In this way, support is given to the stems, which are otherwise apt to topple over and even break as they grow. Cannas may be started in the same way as begonias; and so may gloxinias and caladiums, but both of these require rather a higher temperature and a correspondingly moister atmosphere. It is important that their growth should never be checked, and, for this reason, when water is given to them it should always be luke-warm, never cold, In the case of gloxinias it should be poured on the soil, and not over the plants, as it is apt to lodge in the crown and to cause decay.

Mossy Lawns

There has been so much damp this winter that many lawns naturally free from moss have been rather badly overgrown by it. The best remedy is to improve the drainage. Where that is not possible, the worst of the moss should be scratched off with a sharp rake, and a dressing of lime afterwards applied to the whole ground. A month or six weeks later, if the grass is poor, an artificial fertiliser will benefit it, but heavy or repeated applications of nitrogenous manures, such as nitrate of soda or sulphate of ammonia, should be avoided, as they tend to coarsen the texture. This is the chief objection to daisy sand. It contains one or other of these salts as its active ingredient, the sand being added merely to ensure more even distribution, and while, if persevered with, it will certainly kill daisies, plantains, and other similar weeds—because it lies on their flat broad leaves long enough to wither them, while it falls off the narrow and more or less upright leaves of the grass—it causes strong-growing dark-green patches where it has been most often used. If the lawn is used for tennis or other games, shade is not wanted, and trees should be confined to the north and east sides, but elsewhere shrubs may be employed with excellent effect. Near shrubs and trees the grass will need special attention, and here fertilisers may be applied rather more liberally On paths, to which moss often spreads, it may be dealt with more easily than on the lawn. They should be watered with carbolic acid (No. 5), diluted with about a hundred times its bulk of water. This makes a cheap and efficient weed-killer, but it should not be allowed to go on the person or the clothes, and should not be poured within four inches of a live edging such as box.

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